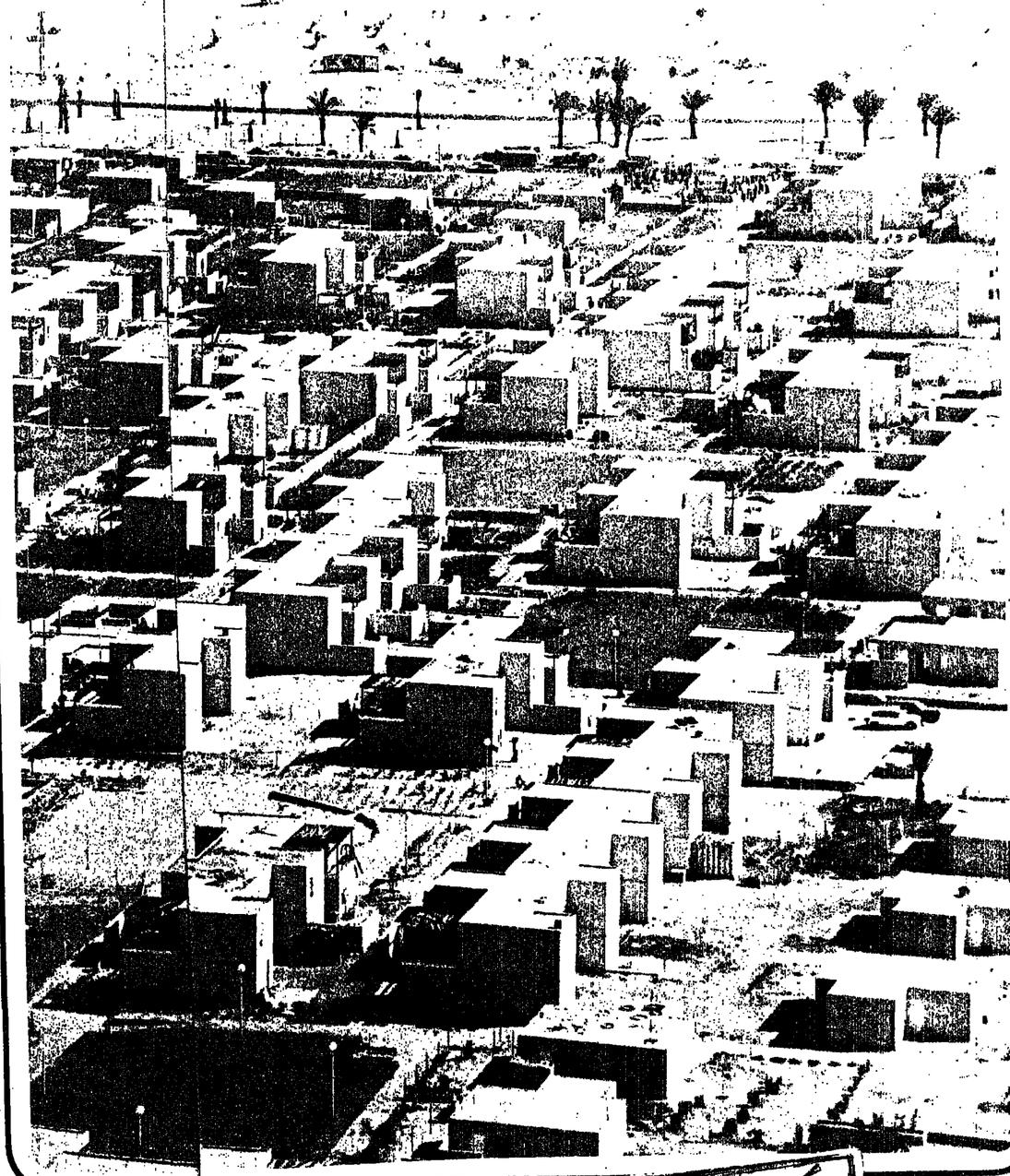
THE JERSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE
Friday, January, 1978

The Yamit question



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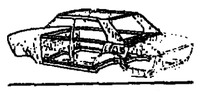
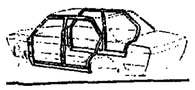
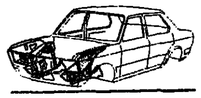


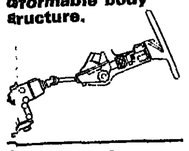
Indeformable, safety passenger compart-ment.



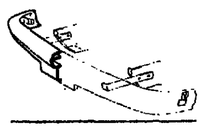
Progressively deformable body structure.



Special anti-vibra-tion engine com-partment framework



Safety steering column.



Moulded resin bumpers.

Safety front seat squabs.

and more...

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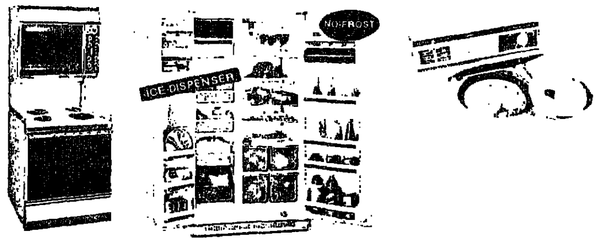

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Begin at Yamit in September. Following his visit, plans for the town's large-scale development were accelerated. (Rubinger)

SHIFTING SANDS AT YAMIT

Only a couple of months ago, the residents of Yamit were looking confidently towards the day when their town would be an Israeli urban centre in the Sinai, with a population of 100,000. As a result of the Begin peace proposals, confidence has been replaced by confusion, writes The Post's ZVI ARENSTEIN, who lives there.

IT'S VERY POSSIBLE that the people of Yamit have been misunderstood. News coverage tends to be incomplete, reflecting only the top layer of public opinion. In Yamit this week, that top layer has been repeating over and over, *to anyone who would listen*, "Israeli sovereignty in the Rafiah Approaches. We will not be moved."

For six years, Yamit has been called "Dayan's brainchild." In 1972, the then defence minister unveiled his dream of a city of a quarter of a million inhabitants and begun arranging trips for impressible people to see the location.

They were incredulous. "You're going to build a city on these sand-dunes?" they exclaimed. "Impossible!" There was no one there to answer them but some scattered Beduin families.

In 1973, Jewish National Fund bulldozers started flattening the dunes. At the same time, a group of Russian immigrants were told by an official of the Jewish Agency's Settlement Department that if they really wanted Yamit to be built quickly, the best thing they *could do would be to go and live as* close as possible to the site. Ten families accordingly moved into "temporary" quarters at moshav Sadot.

In March 1974, on the day construction started, Yisraeli Kuzenitz, a leader of the group, was in Philadelphia, addressing a gathering of 20 families from all over the United States who had shown an interest in living in Yamit. In October of that year, after four months at the Beersheba absorption centre, 12 of those families were handed the keys to their flats in Yamit.

THE TOWN DEVELOPED slowly — too slowly for the people living in it. The first winter brought only 30 families; with the end of the school year, the number went up to 200. Another year brought another 150 families.

It wasn't long before a commercial centre was built, complete with supermarket, brightly-lit hardware store, trendy clothes store and coffee shop, all showing a strong Western influence in their design. But there aren't many amenities of that kind in Yamit. For two years, people have been watching their Saturday night movie seated on a cold stone floor — in the open air. And mothers having to take their children for medical tests stand at the entrance to the town to hitch a ride to Beersheba Hospital.

All this time there has been no shortage of official reassurances.

"Yamit must be absorbed into the borders of the State of Israel in order to ensure defensible boundaries," Prime Minister Rabin told the residents in November 1976. "Israel wants and is ready for all negotiations for peace. This must go together with secure borders, because the assurance of security is the assurance of peace."

They believed the headline in *The Post* when Prime Minister Begin visited the area only three months ago: "Yamit gets go-ahead for massive growth." Planning was begun for a city of 100,000 inhabitants.

So far, some IL300m. have been invested in Yamit, and a similar amount, for infrastructure alone, in the surrounding settlements. One moshav, Neot Sinai, has had IL25m. of this sum, which means approximately IL1.5m. per family.

TODAY, the inhabitants of Yamit are in a state of psychological shock: they simply cannot believe their ears. After years of reassurances and promises, of being lulled into believing that giving the area back to Egypt was absolutely out of the question, they are facing a new reality.

This week, Moshe Dayan came back to Yamit as foreign minister.

"If you stand in the way of peace," he warned now, "the country is not going to back you."

His listeners could not understand what he was saying to them. Did he mean that Yamit didn't want peace?

REACTION to the prospect of peace had been slow here. Only three weeks ago, the town was more concerned about electing a new council, the bad bus service, the opening of a new branch post office, a high school for future teenagers.

Ze'ev Ofer, a general in the reserves, was too busy learning his duties as the Housing Ministry's new representative in Yamit to think about the possibility that Yamit might be returned to Egypt. "It's ridiculous even to discuss it," he said.

Perhaps he was right. According to Begin's plan, Yamit itself is not to be given back. The entire area will, certainly, revert to Egyptian sovereignty, but the Israeli settlements will remain under Israeli control, with Israeli services and defence forces.

The prime minister has been trying for the past two weeks to convince the people of Yamit that they have nothing to worry about. "We want you to be part of Israel," he keeps saying. But they've heard that line before, and this time it is more difficult to believe it.

Volunteer tree-planting effort at Yamit in February 1975. (IPPA) *Foreign Minister Dayan speaking at Sadot meeting this week.* (Milman)

WHEN BEGIN announced his plan, the people of Yamit started envisaging their town as a Jewish ghetto surrounded by hundreds of thousands of Egyptians.

"We didn't come here to live in Egypt," was the general feeling. And after a series of long town meetings, it was agreed that Yamit must remain under Israeli sovereignty. That too much had been invested here to just get up and go.

They decided to begin their campaign with demonstrations, and phone calls to the news media at all hours of the day and night.

Their strident voices have been heard, but very little has been forthcoming in the way of concrete counter-proposals. They have not been very successful, as yet, in convincing the Israeli people of the rightness of their cause.

A visit to Jerusalem last Sunday afternoon — while 3,000 inhabitants of development towns from Ophira to Katzrin were gathered at moshav Sadot to hear two ministers telling them that if Yamit foundered, it would be because its inhabitants had abandoned it, not the government — was instructive. People in the capital were remarkably unconcerned, one way or the other.

"Wake up," said one friend. "No one in the rest of the country cares about Yamit. Can't you understand that?"

What he meant was that very few people outside Yamit had been persuaded that its existence was of any importance.

"I'm willing to give up Yamit for peace," said another, voicing what seemed to be a fairly general opinion. "I don't think it should have been built there in the first place."

Where Yamit has failed so far is that it has not found a way of showing the nation that it is not necessary to "sacrifice" Yamit in order to achieve peace.

SOME OF THE residents do not hold with demonstrations.

"Pure demagoguery," says Yitzhak Shafian, who with his wife Yehudit edits the local bi-weekly paper.

A glance at last week's edition might be rather more instructive about the different shades of opinion here than five minutes of speeches in the radio and TV news bulletins.

In an article entitled, "What to say and what to do," for example, one resident writes:

"There is a possibility of a peace agreement with Egypt that will leave Yamit outside full Israeli sovereignty. When that day comes, it is the size of our settlement that will determine our position. A small settlement will disintegrate and disappear by itself. A large, stubborn settlement will oblige Israel, without going counter to Begin's proposals, to retain practical authority over the area."

Another article calls on the prime minister to build his retirement home in Yamit — in fulfilment of a wish he expressed during a visit to moshav Neot Sinai last Succot. The article suggests that Sadat also be invited to develop a plot of land for himself in Yamit.

A kindergarten teacher contributes the comments of her five-year-olds when she talked to them about peace. Some examples:

Ronen: I want Begin to leave us Yamit, because I love it.

Limor: We've already decorated our houses and classroom. My parents have even bought a new couch. How can we leave?

Tal: I don't want there to be war, and we won't give Yamit back.

The same issue of the paper carries a telegram from the Haifa branch of the Ben-Gurion Society, which reads:

"We share the anxiety of the inhabitants of the Rafiah Approaches, Sinai and the Jordan Valley. Abandoning to the UN settlements that will later be turned over to Egyptian sovereignty will set a dangerous precedent and will be a strong blow to Zionism, apart from negating the government's promises to the people."

Yehudit Shafian herself says in an editorial that negotiations are still continuing, nothing is yet final, and the Housing Ministry is going on with its normal building operations. The Israel government is indeed looking for real peace, but it has assured Yamit residents that they will not be left without Israeli services or defence forces.

"We as citizens of Yamit," she concludes, "have to weld ourselves into a concerned community that will contribute from within to the development and blossoming of our settlement through the feelings of mutual responsibility that we all share."

YAMIT SEEMS to have two alternative roads ahead of it.

The pessimists foresee people gradually moving away, factories closing down because of lack of investments. The optimists would prefer to take Prime Minister Begin at his word when he says that the government is behind Yamit. But they want him to underwrite his word with action. They see Yamit developing quickly, with the same spirit that created the communications centre at the Jerusalem Theatre in November, but with all the ministries involved, and not just one.

The pessimists say that Yamit will no longer be viable under Egyptian sovereignty. Its citizens will not agree to pay taxes to Egypt (and they are much lower than Israeli taxes, by the way) or have their babies born with dual citizenship, or depend on Egypt for their water.

The optimists assume that the majority of inhabitants would prefer to adapt themselves to the realities of the situation and stay to develop their town. And they picture that development as taking the form of an operational centre for a series of joint Israeli-Egyptian industrial and tourism projects for the whole area.

Which is the road to take? One will turn Yamit into a Jewish community (complete with yeshiva) on the border between two developing countries, each helping the other. The other will make the partially-completed plans for a city of 100,000 people as worthless as the sand-dunes it was to be built on. □

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This letter is from a school teacher, and we all know that school teachers are neither superstitious nor primitive. A school teacher must be well prepared to educate young people, often a task for which little appreciation is shown by the children

Are you still skeptical?

Probably no more and no less than a certain agent who, because of an accident, was unable to visit his customers for a few months. Morally and economically defeated, he let himself be convinced by his wife to wear the MICRON 3 about his neck. Previously, he had called the pendant "a mediaeval amulet for fools." Here is what this skeptic writes: "...after a long period of misfortune, I now again look hopefully to the future. The MICRON 3 has saved me from a desperate situation!"

You still don't believe?

Perhaps you are like this agent (Mr. B.D., age 38, of...) who let himself be persuaded by his insistent wife to wear the MICRON 3, only after a skiing accident. Read for yourself what he wrote after a few weeks: "...after a silly accident, I was forced to interrupt my activities... much against my will. Day and night I thought about my lesson, and about my customers who were turning to my competitors. A real disaster! It was my wife who almost forced me to wear her MICRON 3. Naturally, I did not believe in its efficacy. But what seemed impossible happened... I felt newborn, and have since resumed my activities with an enthusiasm I never knew before! My abilities and my business acumen seem to have tripled! And of course, with pleasing success. My family is very content again, and I spoil them as never before! To you, I will be ever thankful!"

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COOL BUT TOUGH

Eliahu Ben-Elissar, head of the Israel delegation to the Cairo Conference, describes dramatic incidents at Mena House to DAVID LANDAU.

WEDNESDAY, December 14. Mena House Hotel. Ten to ten in the morning. The Cairo Conference is due to open in just over an hour and Eliahu Ben-Elissar, Israel's chief delegate, is demonstratively wandering about in shirt-sleeves and carpet slippers, preparing, as it would seem, to spend a leisurely day reading, smoking and contemplating the Great Pyramid.

"Conference opening?" he asks an aide in simulated wonderment. "What opening? Tell the Egyptian chief of protocol as far as I'm concerned there will be no opening as long as they insist on the 'Palestine' sign."

The wrangle over the sign on the vacant Palestinian place had been proceeding desultorily ever since Ben-Elissar and his team arrived 24 hours earlier. The Egyptians climbed down overnight from their original demand for a PLO nameplate, and were now holding out for a less offensive "Palestine" label.

While "PLO" would of course have been unacceptable to Israel, there were no specific orders from Jerusalem on "Palestine." "I was playing it alone," Ben-Elissar recalls. "I at any rate would not have sat at the conference table with that sign on it."

"Stay cool," he assured his No.2, the seasoned Foreign Ministry legal adviser and diplomat Meir Rosenne. "And don't worry: the conference will open as scheduled, I promise you."

And so it did, with Egypt finally agreeing to have no signs at all. ("After all," the Israelis argued, "there are only four delegations here: we'll recognize each other even without signs...")

"COOL BUT tough" was Ben-Elissar's catchphrase throughout the conference, from this early procedural incident, through the long sessions of formal and informal talks, and on to the inconclusive climax at Ismailiya. He himself speaks of his "strong nerve." It is a quality with which he was apparently well endowed by Nature, and which the childhood trauma of the Holocaust, and subsequent anonymous years in the Mossad, tempered and refined.

It is perhaps that same quality — total, constant self-control, cold, incessant calculation — that leads some people to find him haughty or aloof. But his self-assurance is not founded on bombastic arrogance. Rather it expresses a frank confidence in his abilities, his experience, and above all his political credo: undiluted Herut.

"When I flew to Egypt I felt a tremendous sense of responsibility and sense of privilege — but at the same time I felt I could rely on myself.

"I'm not ashamed to admit that I went to the *kotel* on the Friday before. I don't go there often; only when I feel some compelling need."

Newsweek called him a "diplomatic neophyte," which he considers both unjustified and irrelevant. For one thing he was "representing Israel and dealing with people (sorry — can't elaborate)" during his Mossad days in East Africa. And for another he accumulated a great deal of diplomatic experience — albeit theoretical — during his three years of doctoral research in Europe into Third Reich foreign policy and the "Jewish Question." "I was studying the workings of a foreign ministry, the cables, the documents, the minutes. Granted, it was Hitler's foreign ministry. But the methods were those used by all foreign ministries.

"And you can't *learn* practical diplomacy. What you need, on any mission, is solid common-sense and a profound awareness of where you're coming from and where you're going to."

BY NATURE and by profession (spy — those in the know say he was a veritable Israeli "007"), says Ben-Elissar, he was never partial to publicity or prone to its allures. Thus, suddenly being the most photographed man in the world for a day "simply did not affect me. I felt fine there and I feel just as fine now here, without all the cameras and microphones."

While he asserts with much conviction that he is happy and fulfilled in his present post as Premier Begin's director-general and top adviser, he does not positively recoil at the suggestion — which has been mooted in some diplomatic circles — that his fortnight in Cairo may have been the prelude to a longer-lasting and hardly less prestigious diplomatic assignment (say ambassador to Washington).

He displayed the cool-but-tough approach on two other dramatic occasions during the conference. One was the flags incident on the day of the opening. All the delegations were lunching in the dining-room when a newsman told Ben-Elissar that hotel bellhops had hoisted the flags of the nine invitees to the conference — including that of the PLO. First he had an aide check with Jerusalem that the colours really were those used by the PLO. Then he sent another assistant to the hotel manager — "I deliberately decided to play it on the hotel level, not on the political level" — to say that if the "unknown" flag were not removed, the Israel delegation would look for another hotel. All this was done in discreet whispers, while for all the world the Israeli delegation was relaxing quietly over lunch. Within minutes a nervous toing-and-froing erupted around the Egyptians' table. The Israelis kept their eyes on their food. Minutes later word came that all nine flags had been taken down.

ANOTHER NEAR-CRISIS occurred at the next day's plenary conference session. The Egyptian No.2, an astute lawyer-diplomat named Osama al-Baz, launched into a lengthy and stinging oration blaming all the ills in the Middle East over the last 30 years on Israel.

Ben-Elissar, always ramrod-straight and sphinx-faced, stiffened and sombered still more as he replied:

"Mr. Chairman. We have heard certain words which I would have preferred not to have heard. I could remind you that in 1948 it

was not Israeli forces which invaded my land... I could remind you of other things that would not make pleasant listening. Indeed this sort of rhetoric is my *forte*. But my contribution to the progress of the conference will be my reticence. I ask for reciprocity."

Esmat Abdul Meguid, the Egyptian chief delegate, offered a soft-spoken and conciliatory response — and the atmosphere immediately warmed. From then on, in the public and the private session, there was no recourse to inflammatory oratory by either side.

WITH THE CAIRO Conference effectively upstaged from the moment it began — by Begin's trip to Washington, then by Weizman's talks in Egypt and finally by the Ismailiya summit — it has become fashionable among pundits to minimize its importance. This is especially the case since so very little of substance leaked out of the conference chamber. The hundreds of frustrated journalists out there, and the commentators and editorial-writers back home, eventually reached the collective conclusion that little of substance had in fact occurred.

This, Ben-Elissar insists, is not correct at all. "The chief importance of the conference was the very fact that it took place, that it was the first occasion for face-to-face negotiations. That is true regardless of the content." As it happened, though, the content was equally important, for the negotiators were dealing with the very same issues that later occupied Begin and Sadat.

"We called it 'agenda' or 'procedure,' but in actual fact we were into the gut issues," Ben-Elissar asserts. This applied both to the "legal sub-committee" in which Meir Rosenne wrestled over words and phrases with two Egyptian lawyers, and to the countless "informal sessions" that Ben-Elissar himself held with his counterpart, Abdul Meguid.

We journalists, rigorously barred from the main wing of the hotel which housed the delegations, grew frankly sceptical, as time passed, about the spokesmen's insistent contentions that serious "informal" talks were being conducted almost continuously. But for Ari Rath and myself these doubts were dissipated when, one night, having insidiously smuggled ourselves into the delegations' quarters, we saw Ben-Elissar casually emerge from the Israeli wing, cross the stairwell, and, hardly pausing to knock, disappear into Meguid's suite — and all this while a renowned belly-dancer was exhibiting her prowess to the U.S. and UN delegations downstairs.

The dogged and intricate disputes over formulation were, in fact, clashes over the most severely substantial matters, Ben-Elissar points out. The interpretation of the clauses of 242, for instance, or the wording of the Palestinian clause in the "agenda," focus on the very problems that have thwarted peace for a decade.

If the Egyptians, for example, had agreed, at Cairo or later at Ismailiya, to the Israeli formulation on the Palestinian issue ("a just solution for the problem of the Palestinian Arabs") this would have clearly meant they were ready to move away from their insistence on a separate Palestinian state.

Similarly, if Israel had agreed to an Egyptian gloss on 242 which implied withdrawal on all three fronts, it would just as certainly have signified new Israeli readiness to cede part of that territory to foreign sovereignty.

THIS WORK of "defining and isolating the issues in dispute" which went on in Cairo for a fortnight will now serve as the groundwork for the "political committee" meetings in Jerusalem. Whether the "agenda" half-prepared in Cairo will actually be used as an "agenda" as such in Jerusalem is merely formalism, says Ben-Elissar. What is important is that the work that went into that "agenda," the points of agreement and points of difference, will be the starting points of the Jerusalem negotiations.

In Jerusalem he expects to see the U.S. take a much more active role in seeking common ground between the two protagonists. In Cairo America's Alfred (Roy) Atherton was content to watch the Israelis and Egyptians negotiate — and flounder — unaided. But President Carter himself announced at Aswan that the U.S. would be far more energetic at the Jerusalem talks.

Ben-Elissar, like Begin himself, clings tightly to the original words of praise — reserved praise, but praise nevertheless — with which Carter hailed the Israeli peace plan ("a long step forward," "a fair basis for negotiation").

Contemplating the prospect of American "activism," which will almost certainly mean prodding Israel to soften its Palestinian position, Ben-Elissar is serenely undaunted. Throughout these recent weeks he has radiated sublime confidence, and he continues to do so. "We are in the midst of the negotiations," he says with an air of mystery. "I can't be specific."

But in the same breath he asserts that Israel will *never* agree to Palestinian self-determination, even as a possible future option. Begin, who never tires of warning that a Palestinian state would inevitably become a PLO-ruled Russian base, was vague when pressed by Shelli'a Meir Pa'il on a theoretical, futuristic hypothesis of a pro-Western Palestinian state. Ben-Elissar imposes no such tactical restrictions on himself. For him never means never, ever, ever — under any circumstances. "There is no difference between five years' time, 10 years, or 50 years. We will not undertake our own suicide. We will not, in any way, under any circumstances, give up our right to Judea and Samaria."

The self-rule plan, he insists, has not impinged on that eternal right — because it has left the sovereignty question in abeyance. And yet it represents a painful concession — "in that we are not extending our sovereignty to Judea and Samaria now, at once, six months, 10 years ago... as we would have wished to do." □

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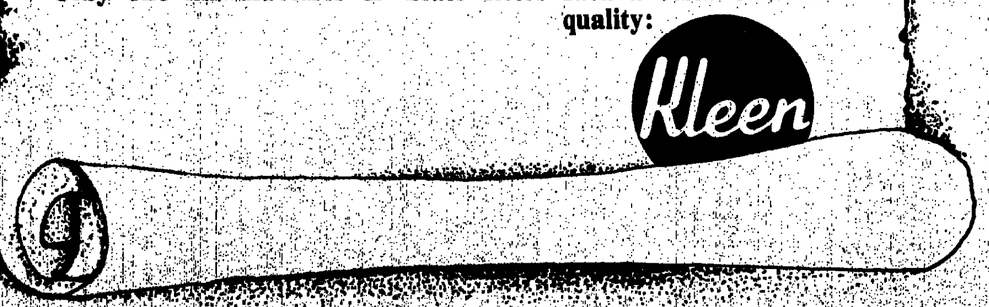

GELBLUM ADV.

VOLUNTEER CLOWN

When Ralph Colb decided to spend a year in Israel, he thought he'd be doing some kind of social work. Instead, he found himself in greasepaint, performing with a clown troupe, all over the country. BARRY HOLTZ reports.

Dani Hirsch

WALKING IN the streets of Jerusalem, 27-year-old Ralph Colb looks like almost any visitor to Israel. Few would suspect that behind the dark hair and wire-rimmed glasses lurks another, secret identity. But practically every day Ralph Colb stands in front of groups of children and lets his other self emerge. To the kids in the audience — and even to himself — Ralph becomes Raffi the Clown.

Israel is not a place that one immediately associates with clowns and clowning. "Clowning in Israel is in an embryo state," admits Raffi, "but there is a lot of excitement about it. People love our performances and are anxious to see more."

Raffi is a volunteer in Sherut La'am, a one-year programme of service. "They give you room and board, a three-month ulpan, and try to place you in interesting and challenging work," he pointed out.

Soon after he arrived here a few months ago, Raffi was chosen to fill a vacancy in Kvutzat Kav, a troupe of four players who travel around the country putting on puppet-and-clown shows.

But clowning was not the work that he had originally planned to do in Israel. With his training in group work and psychology, Raffi expected to be counselling teenagers in a development town. But before he left America, Sherut La'am discussed different possibilities with him.

"They realized that my Hebrew was weak, and they thought that working in psychology would present difficulties. They had a point. Doing that kind of work in your native language is hard enough. It's virtually impossible with a vocabulary of only 500 words."

Attempting to exploit his other skills, Sherut La'am put him in touch with The Gypsies, Israel's other clown company. The Gypsies were about to leave for the U.S.; but through them Raffi learned about auditions for Kvutzat Kav, and that's how he ended up swopping psychology in a development town for a tour in greasepaint.

"It's been a way for me to meet people and learn about Israel, despite my elementary Hebrew. It also gives me a chance to work on the language in a more relaxed environment," he says. "Kav has toured moshavim, kibbutzim, small towns, and theatres. Now we're on a tour of development towns sponsored by Omanut La'am — Art for the People."

RAFFI was trained at the Ringling Brothers Clown College in Venice, Florida, and has been boss clown with George Matthews' Great London Circus. A few years ago he and four other clowns made a hit with a show called *Circus Theatre* at the Charles Playhouse in Boston.

"I had heard about the clown school when I was attending New College in Sarasota, Florida, and I filed it away in the back of my mind as a possible option."

But first he spent some time in California, training as a group leader and acquiring skills in humanistic psychology.

HE CAME back East, and while working in a mental-health centre in his hometown of Glens Falls, New York, he got the urge to try something different and remembered clowning.

"I wanted to do something concrete. I wanted to develop skills that could be measured and seen directly, and I wanted to explore other aspects of myself — my 'child,' my humour, and my physical self.

"The Clown College in Venice sent me a four-page application form full of insane but marvellous questions, the kind of questions you always wish applications would ask."

Raffi, one of 50 students chosen from 3,500 applicants, arrived with no training. "I must have been the control," he says. "The first day, when I got there, the parking lot was full of people tumbling and juggling. I didn't know what I had gotten myself into."

But the Clown College assumes that candidates have had no previous training. For two months students are instructed every day by master practitioners in makeup, mime, tumbling, acrobatics, juggling, and costume.

"It's a chance to work with some of the best performers in the world," Raffi says. The real key to the programme, however, is the difficult process of "finding your own clown, something that's yours and different." This discovery is difficult to describe. "Clowns talk about it in almost religious terms."

FOR RAFFI there's no such thing as a "happy" clown or a "sad" clown. "My clown is me, my whole personality projected through a clown filter. My clown has a complete range of feelings; in fact, clowning gives me the opportunity to act out and integrate those aspects of my personality that I'm not always ready to accept, like being gullible or foolish or clumsy."

Being a clown in Israel is very different from clowning in the States. "The audiences here are terrific. Somehow the kids are much less blasé, much more appreciative. In America children see clowns on television all the time; they're a much harder audience to please. But here the children — and the parents, too — will stamp their feet and participate. They're not embarrassed to get involved. Israeli children still seem to have their capacity for wonder."

"IF I FEEL as enthusiastic in a year as I do now," he says, "I could very well just stay."

He's not sure, however, that he would like to make a permanent career of clowning. Once his Hebrew improves, he still wants to try psychological or social service work. But clowning, he says, is something you never really give up.

"I believe that everybody has his own clown, a place in himself that gives him a different way of being and a different way of looking at the world. No matter what I do in the future, I know that clowning is something I'll always have in me, something that's a deep part of who I am." □

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(Above) *Meir Pa'il.* (Below) *Ya'acov Ross.*

LONG DIVISION

In the controversies that are always raging over education in this country, two basic problems are inevitably linked: the separation of the state system into secular and religious schools, and social integration. SUSAN BELLOS has been discussing the matter with two people at opposite ends of the spectrum.

DO THE TWO school systems, State and State Religious, make social integration more difficult? According to reports published earlier this week of research conducted by Professors Arye Levy of the Hebrew University and Micha Chen of Tel Aviv University, they do. However, for many middle-class' religious parents, social integration is not a value to which they attach great importance. For others, especially those in the secular opposition, it remains the most central question of Israeli education today.

The leading knights in the current battle on the subject are people like Aharon Yadlin, the former education minister who now chairs the Knesset Education Committee, and Jerusalem Deputy Mayor Yosef Gadish, who has openly accused the Ministry of Education of being "the enemy of integration."

The Ministry does not, of course, admit that it opposes integration, but according to its critics, it is quietly promoting schools such as Jerusalem's Noam and Horev, which maintain a high intellectual level and turn away disadvantaged children on the grounds that they are not religiously observant enough.

Meir Pa'il MK belongs to Shell. His social views are a less diluted version of current Labour Party ideas. A keen-minded, active, enthusiastic and informed member of the Knesset Education Committee, he believes that all Israeli schoolchildren should study in one system and that existing barriers between State and State Religious schools should be broken down. Pupils from different backgrounds should be able to choose their own study frameworks, Orthodox pupils studying Judaism and others perhaps studying the philosophy of Socialist Zionism. The more mixing there is of different kinds of children, Pa'il believes, the better.

While these views, given the present realities, may appear gloriously utopian to some, they were unofficially endorsed a few weeks ago by the Knesset Education Committee, when it voted to recommend a mixed secondary school for the Negev township of Mitzpe Ramon with religious and secular pupils studying under one roof.

DR. PA'IL is very pleasant and down-to-earth in a way the British call "matey." Although he is a representative of a now near-extinct species of Socialist Zionism, he sees no reason for demanding special schools that would reflect his own ideology. Such schools, the Workers' Trend *(Zerem Ovdim)*, did indeed exist long ago in Israel, but were shut down by Ben-Gurion in 1953, also in the name of unity. Pa'il, much as he believes in good, old-fashioned values, like the dignity of labour, does not seek to revive them.

But what about pluralism, a favourite word of the Ministry of Education to explain the existence of independent semi-private schools, such as Noam and Horev in Jerusalem? Both these elementary schools cater for very Orthodox pupils and both have complained of severe overcrowding. This year, the Ministry of Education stepped in to deal with the problem in place of the municipality. After a concerted series of demonstrations and sit-ins at the Ministry, Noam extracted a promise from the director-general of an expensive rented building for this year and a new building to be started next year.

Noam and Horev, unlike all other elementary schools in Jerusalem, draw their children from all over the capital and have less than 25 per cent disadvantaged pupils, as compared with the municipality's figure of 40 per cent for the city as a whole. According to parents who send their children to Noam, the intellectual level is so high that children are expected to be able to read by the time they start first grade. (Fifty per cent of second-graders in Israel cannot read.)

HOREV IS still fighting for better premises but last week its problems were also transferred to the ministry, which is now asking only that Horev take 25 per cent of disadvantaged children from Katamon where it is situated. The municipality, until it gave up the problem, had been demanding the same proportion as any other school, but Horev refused adamantly, on the grounds of what the principal described as the very low level of religious observance of many of the local Sephardi children. These children, whose parents consider themselves religious, attend local State Religious schools, which the National Religious Party has always been concerned to promote.

PA'IL MERELY snorts and says unprintable things when Noam is mentioned. All that can be printed is "Noam — that's not pluralism, that's part of the present religious oligarchy." In his view, these schools and some of the secondary-school yeshivot are there to cater for an Orthodox Ashkenazi middle class which refuses to integrate its children with the 73 per cent of disadvantaged children who attend the State Religious schools. Pa'il believes that integration is the central challenge of education in Israel today and in order to achieve it he is ready to abolish just about everything in favour of a common state school. Although he would very much like children to know who and what Ber Borochov stood for, and what was written in Israel's Declaration of Independence ("This is much more important than knowing what a *mezuza* is. What do they want, just another Brooklyn here?"), he does not want special schools that would educate children according to their parents' values.

"I'd only do it as a last resort," he said. "At the moment it would just be setting up another elite system."

Perhaps Pa'il recognizes, if slightly wistfully, that not many of today's workers would be sending their children to such schools.

DR. YA'ACOV ROSS, an equally pleasant ideologist who teaches philosophy at Tel Aviv University, has seven children, several of whom either have attended or still are at Noam or Horev. He has also worked as an administrator for the Education Ministry and therefore has first-hand knowledge of all the kinds of religious education available. He thinks his children have an inalienable right to study in an appropriate religious atmosphere. In his quiet, civilized manner he explains that, generally speaking, this means leaving school not just adhering to a set of observances, but practising Judaism as "an active way of life." On a practical, everyday level it means that "married women should have their hair covered, and in State Religious schools they very often don't."

Ross objects to centralism and thinks that, as in the U.S., Britain and other Western countries, different groups of parents should be free to set up the kind of schools they want for their children. This possibility does not really exist in Israel, and Ross contends that telling parents like himself, who reject the State Religious school system, either to set up private schools or send their children to a *heder* is totally unfair.

At *heder*, his children would not be able to learn general subjects such as maths or English and he sees no reason why, as a taxpayer, he should be forced to pay for a private school.

Other Noam and Horev parents have pointed out that the Agudat Israel's independent schools, while not actually anti-Zionist as they once were, are still not as Zionist as they would wish. Something that these parents do not always point out is that the Agudah schools have a high proportion of extremely disadvantaged pupils.

Very tolerant of other people's beliefs, Ross sees no reason why secularists, Socialist Zionists or anybody else should not have the same right as the Orthodox to set up their own schools.

However, most of the parents who want this kind of school are Ashkenazim; Orthodox Sephardim on the whole seem perfectly satisfied, religiously at least, with the standards of the State Religious schools. It might be a fair guess to say that, as in Mitzpe Ramon, they would not feel deeply compromised if they were obliged to let their children study with pupils from less Orthodox backgrounds.

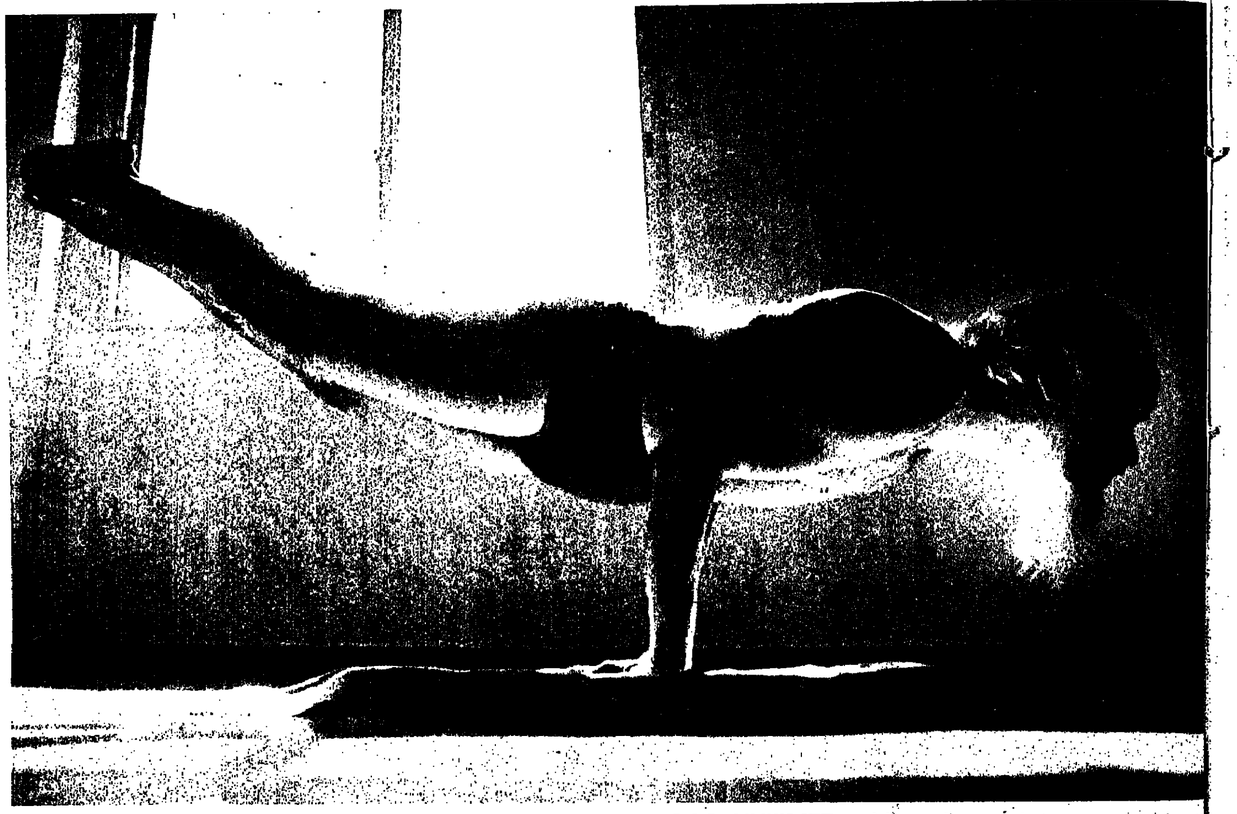
PEOPLE LIKE Dr. Ya'acov Ross would obviously rather keep their children at home than send them to the kind of common school Pa'il envisages. Being middle-class and articulate, they could reasonably be expected to put up a very hard fight.

Pa'il is unperturbed. "Let them stay out and we'll take the Sephardim," he says.

If the disadvantaged parents wake up to the now well-documented facts of lower standards, especially in teaching, in the State Religious schools, they will start taking their children out anyway, even if they have never heard of Pa'il, the Knesset Education Committee or Yosef Gadish.

In fact, according to Ministry figures, there is a very slight but gradually increasing tendency for disadvantaged parents to send their children to secular schools. This is linked to a rise on the social scale and by itself it does not indicate any lessening of religious commitment. It merely means that they tend to regard secular schools as better schools and will send their children there, especially when they move into a higher-class neighbourhood. At the moment the shift is no more than 2 per cent a year; but if it accelerates, serious supporters of integration will have to prove that they mean what they say.

The middle-class Ashkenazi parents who may care more about the right kind and right amount of Jewish learning than about equality of educational opportunity have been running away in droves from the disadvantaged. If these children really do come on *musar* to the secular state schools where they now number only 33 per cent, or to the kind of common school Pa'il wants, who can say whether the rest of Israel will stick to its publicly-affirmed principles?□



Are there any new twists in the Yoga business? CATHERINE ROSENHEIMER paid a call on a jet-age swami who, like many of the Yoga masters, now spends most of his time outside India. Photos: LESTER MILLMAN

THE GURU COMES TO KIRYAT ONO

A WEEK AGO Sunday morning, I knew next to nothing about Yoga, and had never met a genuine guru. After a session with Swamiji Sivalingam, I know a little more than I did before. I also know about aching muscles in places where I never dreamt they existed.

Swamiji is currently spending three weeks in Israel, at the invitation of Tamar Barkan, an English immigrant, who runs her own Prana Yoga Centre in Kiryat Ono. She owes her knowledge of Yoga to an American girl once called Susan and today known as Dhairayavathi Devi, a disciple of Swamiji's at his Berkeley, California *ashrama*.

In Kiryat Ono the other morning, some 15 Israeli housewives sat cross-legged — in the lotus position — on the floor, humming a long low "ommmmmmm." Facing them sat Swamiji, clad in a long yellow sari-type robe, wearing navy blue socks and a slightly incongruous zip-through fisherman knit sweater as a concession to the December chill.

"The 'ommmmmmm' is very important," he was explaining. "It is a kind of *shalom*, a peace within the soul."

Demonstrating a series of exercises — 12 sun positions for morning meditation, followed by a series of spinal twists, he continued: "Age makes no difference — I could be 10 months old or 150 — but if the body is soft and supple, then the person is soft inside too. Worries and stress make the body stiff. You need lots of meditation to rid yourself of worries. Worries are not real, they are like a newspaper — lots of print, little truth. Therefore — why worry?"

LATER, as he was demonstrating an incredible series of exercises and contortions, this time not for the benefit of the class, but for the photographer, I asked the amazingly acrobatic, balding grey-haired guru if he was prepared to state his real, rather than philosophical, age. The answer was 45.

Born in the Himalayas, he started to practise Yoga at the age of 15. He had been suffering from malaria for a year, spent a lot of money on medical treatment. And Yoga cured him. While he considers himself a spiritual man, a Hindu, he adheres to no creed, stressing that Yoga is not a religion but mental and physical training in philosophy, combined with proper diet.

"In Yoga, we train ourselves to understand ourselves. We start with meditation for mental balance, followed by exercise for physical suppleness. Breathing exercises are extremely important in clearing up the nervous system."

The purpose of standing on one's head, he explains, is to clear the brain. We are always standing, running. When the heart is reversed, it clears the veins and ducts.

I query the advisability of Yoga for people with heart complaints: for them, he says, there are no head-stands, but other simpler exercises. In India, Yoga is medically approved. He knows of 400 diseases, including breast cancer, for which it is a cure. He himself was responsible for restoring the sight of a child of seven within 2½ years.

For ordinary, healthy people, says Swamiji, 15 or 20 minutes a day of Yoga meditation and exercises are sufficient to achieve and maintain a state of personal fitness and relaxation. He himself also follows a very strict diet — he is a vegetarian and a non-smoker; he doesn't touch tea, coffee or alcohol; he eats one large meal every afternoon, is never ill, never suffers from so much as a common cold.

TAMAR BARKAN grew up in London. She started practising Yoga in Israel, just three years ago. It cured her migraines and short-sightedness and made her feel physically good. Her day-to-day life style has remained much the same: she has a husband and a 4½-year-old son — they too participate in Yoga exercises.

She is a part-time librarian, but hopes soon to build up her Yoga Centre and work only there. At present, she gives courses to some 50 people a week, in small groups, in the Tel Aviv area. Compared to Swamiji, she is a novice, practising some 30 Yoga postures to his 400. She starts each morning with meditation, in the lotus position, using the "ommmmmmm" sound. This, she explains, is the most usual sound used in meditation. But she hopes that while Swamiji is here he will decide to give her a *mantra* of her own.

The decision — a spiritual matter — is a personal one which Swamiji has to make. If he thinks she is ready for it he will disclose to her in the greatest confidence an abstract, mental sound for her private use only, which will help her to meditate in far greater depth. It is something hard to say, plain, very personal and secret and the key to making worries disappear.

Swamiji is a jet age guru travelling between California, Canada, Denmark, Japan, Hong Kong and India, in each of which he has founded Prana Yoga Centres. From Israel he will continue to Europe and Scandinavia. Most of the great Indian Yoga masters work abroad, he assures me.

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

THEATRE

All performances are in Hebrew, unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

THE EMIGRANTS — A bitter searing story of two emigrants from a communist country, a peasant who left to make money and an intellectual who escaped to write a book on freedom but lost the urge. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Monday)

FLOWERS FOR A WHITE MOUSE — Science fiction monodrama of a retarded man who becomes a genius after an experimental brain operation. With Habimah actor Alex Peleg. Adapted and translated by Ehud Manor. (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 94 Bezalel, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

IN THE BLOOM OF HER DAYS — S.Y. Agnon's well known story about a girl's romance with the man who loved her dead mother. Adapted to the stage, with taste and direction of Mihal Govrin. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

SUMMER RESIDENTS — Maxim Gorky's play about the gross, vulgar new bourgeoisie of pre-revolutionary Russia strikes a familiar chord. Well staged under the direction of Nola Chilton. (Jerusalem Theatre, Sunday through Wednesday)

THEATRE GAMES — Improvisational show in which the technical, behind-the-curtain activities become the centre-stage performance. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 5 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

CHERLY-KACHERLY — Danny Horowitz's play purports to give a manysided, full-length portrait of the sabra, but he seems to have bitten off more than he can chew. Directed by the author and Ilan Ronnen. (Nahmani Hall, 17 Nahmani, Saturday)

THE FALL — Albert Camus' play translated and directed by Niko Nitai. Produced by Te'atron. (Beit Hoven, Saturday and Wednesday)

GOG AND MAGOG — Playwright Yehoshua Sobol, director Nola Chilton and a cast of four have a great time in a musical revue about war and peace and all sorts of problems. (Tzavia, 30 Ibn Gvirol, tonight at mid-night)

HAZARA BETSHUVA —Written by Yehoshua Sobol. Directed by Eilan Ronnen. (Tzavia, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Saturday at 8 p.m.)

HIS FRIEND AT COURT — Ephraim Kishon's 1953 comedy about bureaucracy seems to be set for another triumphant run, despite, or because of, the creaky plot and pervasive banality. Produced by the Habimah Theatre. (Habimah's Large Hall, Saturday at 7 and 8.30 p.m.; Sunday, Monday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

IN THE BLOOM OF HER DAYS — (The Third Floor, 13 Yifat, Jaffa, tonight)

JERUSALEM SEX STORY — With Rosina Fernhoff and Steve Byk. Thriller with Arab-Israeli political background. In English. (Dor Hamisheoh, 109 Hayarkon, Monday at 8.30 p.m.; ZOA House, Daniel Frisch, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

OEDIPUS REX — Habimah production of Sophocles' tragedy directed by Edna Shavit. With Misha Asherov, Tova Pardo, Alex Peleg. (Habimah's Small Hall, Saturday through Wednesday)

OPEN STAGE — Sean O'Casey's "The plough and the stars." Joint Pargod-Jerusalem Municipality Cultural Department production. Directed by Niko Katai. (Tzavia, 30 Ibn Gvirol, today at 8)

SATURDAY, SUNDAY, MONDAY — Habimah production of the comedy by Eduardo Da Filipo. (Habimah's Large Hall. Tuesday, Wednesday)

SOFT PEOPLE — Play with actors and puppets performed by the "Odot" theatre group. (The Third Floor, 13 Yifat, Jaffa, Saturday at 8 p.m.)

THE TENANTS — Written by Yehoshua Sobol. Produced by the Haifa Municipal Theatre. (Habimartef, Saturday through Tuesday)

THREE HOTEMACHS — New play produced by the Cameri Theatre. (Cameri, 101 Dizengoff, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.; Thursday at 7 and 9.15 p.m.)

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT JENNY — An extremely silly comedy about a septuagenarian lady who has just discovered sex, champagne and other good things in life, a vehicle for Hannah Marron who makes the most of it. (See review) (Cameri, 101 Dizengoff, Saturday through Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

YASHA GOREN — By Yosef Bar-Yosef; directed by Oded Kotler. (Tzavia, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

Haifa

CHERLY-KACHERLY — (Haifa Auditorium, Sunday and Monday)

THE TENANTS — (Haifa Municipal Theatre, 50 Pevsner, Thursday)

THREE HOTEMACHS — (Haifa Municipal Theatre, 50 Pevsner, Saturday through Tuesday)

Other Towns

ALL MY SONS — Arthur Miller's play about World War II profiteers. Produced by the Cameri Theatre. (Beit Shean, Wednesday)

ANDORRA — Beersheba Theatre's production of the play by Max Frisch. (Arad, Sunday and Monday; Kiryat Gat, Tuesday; Yavneh, Wednesday)

THE FALL — (Beit Nir, tonight)

GOG AND MAGOG — (Hatzrim, Saturday; Beersheba, Sunday; Migdal Ha'emek, Monday)

THE MURDER OF PIERROT IN THE REALI SCHOOL — Quasi Commedia dell'Arte by the Beersheba Theatre. Questions present-day educational approaches. (Beersheba, Saturday and Thursday)

SOFT PEOPLE — (Kiryat Anavim, Thursday at 9.15 p.m.)

THEATRE GAMES — (Kiryat Shmona, Mafiness, Wednesday)

A VOICE CALLED AND I WENT — Based on the diaries of Hannah Senesh, Hungarian immigrant, who was parachuted into Germany in 1944, captured by the Nazis and subsequently tortured and killed. (Haraliya, Yad Lebanim, Saturday at 8 p.m.)

YASHA GOREN — (Beersheba, Monday and Tuesday)

Charlie Chaplin as "The Great Dictator." Three Chaplin films will be shown at Jerusalem's Tzavia tonight.

MUSIC

All programmes are at 8.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

MANDOLIN RECITAL — With Avraham Leibovits. Works by Bach, Leonardi and others. (Tzavia, 38 King George, Saturday)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Subscription concert No. 6. Peter Maag, conductor; Moshe Murvitz, violin. Works by Mozart, Dvorak, Beethoven. (Binyenei Ha'ooma, Wednesday)

RECITAL — Michael Maisky, cello; Lina Maisky Jacobson, piano. Works by Schubert and Britten. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Sunday)

HOFFNUNG — Concert music and humour. With the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sergiu Commisiona. (Jerusalem Theatre, Saturday)

Tel Aviv

11:11 SERIES — Orchestra and soloists and Pro-Musica Israel. Dalia Atlas, conductor. Works by Mozart, Mendelssohn, Copland, Mussorgsky, Parios, Britten. (Tzavia, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Saturday at 11:11 a.m.)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Subscription concert No. 6. Peter Maag, conductor; Chaim Taub, violin; Arie Israli, viola. Works by Mozart and Beethoven. (Mann Auditorium. Series 1: Saturday. Series 2: Sunday. Series 3: Monday) Moshe Murvitz, violin. Works by Mozart, Dvorak, Beethoven. (Mann; Series 4: Tuesday. Series 5: Thursday)

MUSICAL SPECTRUM — In conjunction with Israel Radio. Boris Berman, piano; Miriam Mendel, mezzo-soprano; Ilan Gronik, violin; Richard Lester, clarinet; Irina Idelstein, piano; Yossi Guiman, viola; Michael Haran, cello. Works by Weber, Schumman, Schubert, Berg. (Tel Aviv Museum, Saturday)

RECITAL — Michael Maisky, cello; Lina Maisky Jacobson, piano. Works by Bach, Schubert, Britten. (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday)

Haifa

HAIFA CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY — Uzi Wiesel, cello; Eldad Neumark, harpsichord. Works by J.S. Bach. (Beit Harofe, Saturday)

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Special concert No. 3. Yoav Talmi, conductor; Moti Shmit, violin. Works by Schoenberg, Zvi Avni, Mozart, Schubert. (Haifa Auditorium, Wednesday)

Other Towns

NETANYA ORCHESTRA — 'Music you have requested'. Camilla Kolchinskaya, conductor; Uri Shoham, flute; Judith Lieber, harp. Works by Weber, Mozart, Liszt, Dukas. (Avihail, Beit Hagdudim, Tuesday)

BEERSHEBA ORCHESTRA — Mendi Rodan, conductor; Mindru Katz, piano. Works by Handel, Mozart, Chopin. (Beersheba Conservatory, Saturday). Deanna Blacher, castanet. Ronald Richards, oboe; Miron Schwarts, violin. Works by Handel, Bach, Scarlatti, Mozart. (Sde Boker; Sunday)

KIBBUTZ CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Works by Handel and Bach. (Yagur. Tuesday)

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ABOVE AND BEYOND — With Oded Teomi. (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 94 Bezalel, Saturday at 9.30 p.m.)

CHARLIE CHAPLIN FILM FESTIVAL — Three films from 1915-1920. (Tzavia, 38 King George, tonight)

EVENING OF JAZZ — Dani Goitfried, piano; Aharon Kaminski, drums; Victor Pontrov, bass; Dave Cliff, guitar. (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 94 Bezalel, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

MUSICAFE — Jazz and folk music. (Tzavia, 38 King George, Wednesday).

Tel Aviv

HAVA ALBERSTEIN — Sings and plays her guitar. (Tzavia, 30 Ibn Gvirol , tonight at 9. Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

YONATAN GEFFEN — "Living-room chat." (Tzavia, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Saturday at 10.30 p.m.)

DANCE

SANGITA — Programme of Indian dance and classical music. With Kumar Duan, the Nagani Orchestra. (Jerusalem, Israel Museum, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

SYLVIA DURAN — Flamenco dancer (Shlomi, Monday)

BAT DOR DANCE COMPANY — Details of repertoire unavailable (Tel Aviv, Bat Dor Theatre, 80 Ibn Gvirol, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

For last-minute changes in times of performances, or where times are not available, please contact Box Office.

OPERA

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO — By Mozart. Carlo-Felice Cillario conducting the J.S.O. With Israeli singers and guests from the Vienna State Opera. (Jerusalem Theatre, Thursday)

THE ISRAEL NATIONAL OPERA — Producer and directress: Edis De-Philippe. Conductors: George Singer, Alexander Tarski, Arieh Lévanon, Thomas Creagh-Fuller: —

LAND OF SMILES — By Lehar. Cast: Esther Baumvel, Margaret Pearman, Walter Plante, Harrison Sykes, Miriam Laron, Pamela Read. (Tel Aviv, Saturday and Wednesday).

LA TRAVIATA — By Verdi. Cast: Margaret Pearman, Esther Baumvel, Harrison Sykes, Richard Shapp. (Jerusalem, Binyenei Ha'ooma, Monday).

FOR CHILDREN

THE MAGNIFICENT 6¼ — Film in English with Hebrew subtitles. (Jerusalem, Israel Museum, Thursday at 3.30 p.m.)

THE LITTLE PRINCE — Play in Hebrew. (Ashkelon, Rabsi, Sunday at 4 p.m.)

HEIDI OF THE HILLS — Play in Hebrew. (Tel Aviv, Beit Barbour, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

Tel Aviv Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, January 7, 1978

"ALLENBY" TEL. 57820
5th week
Tonight at 10.00
Sat. and weekly 6.45 9.25
★ CLINT EASTWOOD
★ TELLY SAVALAS
★ CARROL O'CONNOR
★ DONALD SUTHERLAND

Kelly's Heroes

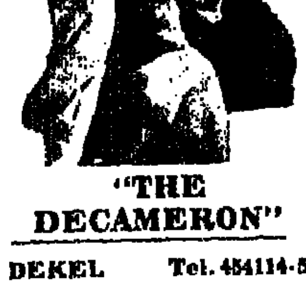
BEN YEHUDA
ISRAEL FILM FESTIVAL
Sat: HIGHWAY QUEEN
Sun: LUPO
Mon: LUPO IN NEW YORK
Tues: KATZ AND CARASSO
Wed: DAUGHTERS, DAUGHTERS
Thurs: THE GREAT TELEPHONE ROBBERY
1.30, 7.15, 9.30

CHEN Tel. 282288
WORLD PREMIERE
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
THE ISRAELI COMEDY FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY
GEORGE OVADIA'S

ENTERTAINER AT MIDNIGHT
★ TIKI DAYAN
★ ZVIKA PICK
★ LEVANA FINKELSHTEIN
★ MANI PE'ER

CINEMA ONE
A FEW DOLLARS MORE
Fri 10 & midnight
Sat. 7.15 & 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CINEMA TWO
3rd week
starting tonight at 10 & 12 midnight
Sat. 7.15 — 9.30
weekly (except Friday) 10, 12, 2, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
PIER PAOLO PASOLINI'S



"THE DECAMERON"

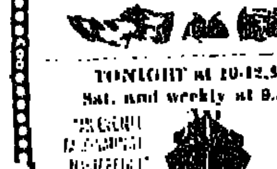
DEKEL Tel. 454114-5
ISRAEL PREMIERE
★ Alan Arkin
FIRESALE
7.15, 9.30

HOD TEL. 226226
4th week
RANSOM
★ OLIVER REED
★ JIM MITCHUM
Tonight at 10 only
Weekdays: 4.30, 7.30, 9.30

ESTHER TEL. 226610
9th week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
Everything about
YOUNG LADY CHATTERLEY
is beautiful, the lovers, the love making and especially, the way it will make you feel.

DRIVE - IN
CINEMA PRESENTS
at 5.30 & 7.30
CHARLIE CHAPLIN in "THE FUNNIEST MAN IN THE WORLD"

TONIGHT at 10-12.30
Sat. and weekly at 9.30



Ship of Fools
LEIGH SIGNORET
FERRER MARVIN
WERNER ASHLEY

LIMOR Tel. 280773
5th week
RYAN'S DAUGHTER
Director David Lean
Winner of two academy awards
★ ROBERT MITCHUM
★ TREVOR HOWARD
★ SARAH MILES
6, 9 p.m.

MAXIM Tel. 287457
FLESH GORDON
the porno star
ADULTS ONLY
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

MOGRABI Tel. 298331
18th week
4.30, 7, 9.30
United Artists

Sylvester Stallone
Talia Shire

ROCKY
THE BEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR

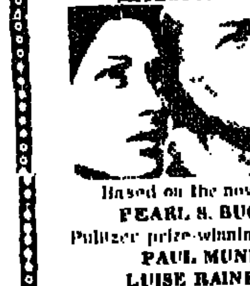
OPHIR Tel. 613321
16th week
THE DEEP
★ ROBERT SHAW
★ JACQUELINE BISSET
★ NICK NOLTE
Directed by Peter Yates
4.30, 7, 9.30

PARIS TEL. 296600
19th week
★ Mel Brooks
12 CHAIRS
Fri: 10, 12, 2
10 p.m. & midnight
Sat.: 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays: 10, 12, 2, 4
7.15 & 9.30

ORLY
6th week
4.30 — 7 — 9.30
INGMAR BERGMAN'S
"Face to Face"

STARRING
LIV ULLMAN

"PEER" Tel. 443795
7th week
4.30 — 7 — 9.30
all-time great hit!
"THE GOOD EARTH"



Based on the novel by
PEARL S. BUCK
Pulitzer prize-winning novel!
PAUL MUNI
LUISE RAINER
A M.G.M. picture

Cinema Shahaff
Kikar Atarim
7th week

LIZA MINNELLI ROBERT DE NIRO
"NEW YORK, NEW YORK"
Note time of Performances
Tonight at 9.30 and midnight
Sat. 7 & 9.30;
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30
United Artists

ROYAL Tel. 55851
EROTIC WIFE
In colour
ADULTS ONLY
Fri. 10, 12
Sat. 7.30; 9.30
Daily 10, 12, 2, 4, 7.30, 9.30

TCHELET Tel. 443060
ISRAEL PREMIERE
THIEVES
Director: John Berry
★ MARLO THOMAS
★ CHARLES GRODIN
A comedy about love, marriage and reconciliation and other acts of outrage.
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV Tel. 281181
8th week
Walt Disney's
20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA
★ JAMES MASON
★ PETER LORRE
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

GORDON Tel. 24478
5th week
4.30 — 7.15 — 9.30
★ CATHERINE ALLEGRET
★ YVES COUDRAY
in Yves Allegret's
ROSE ET FREDERIC

TEL AVIV MUSEUM
4th week
★ CAROL KANE
★ STEVEN KEATS
HESTER STREET
Joan Micklin Silver's movie
Sat 7.30, 9.30
Sun.-Thurs. 4.30, 7.30, 9.30

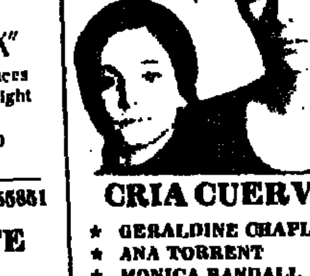
STUDIO Tel. 295817
2nd week
All his life he was an 'outsider' — until he met her —
AL PACINO as
BOBBY DEERFIELD
with
★ MARTHE KELLER
★ ANNY DUPEREY
★ ROMOLO VALLI
Directed by: SYDNEY POLLACK
Based on the novel by Erich Maria Remarque.
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

RAMAT AVIV
THE DIRTY DOZEN
Friday 9.30 and midnight
Sat. and weekdays 6.30 and 9.30

GAT Tel. 267888
★ CHARLIE CHAPLIN

GENTLEMAN TRAMP
Directed by Richard Patterson
Music: Charlie Chaplin
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ZAFON Tel. 445035
Israel Premiere
Carlos Saura's prizewinning film



CRIA CUERVOS
★ GERALDINE CHAPLIN
★ ANA TORRENT
★ MONICA RANDALL
The Music of "PORQUE TE VAS" from the film, heads the world's hit parades.

Ramat Gan Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, January 7, 1978

ARMON Tel. 720700
11th week
Walt Disney's
20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA
Based on Jules Verne's book
★ JAMES MASON
★ PETER LORRE
1, 7.15, 9.30

HADAR Tel. 723822
Cet Obscur Object du Desire
A film by Luis Bunuel
★ FERNANDO REY
★ ANGELA MOLINA
7.15, 9.30

LILI
BOBBY DEERFIELD
7, 9.30

OASIS
5th week
GONE WITH THE WIND
Saturday 8
Weekdays 4, 8

ORDEA Tel. 721720
GEORGE OVADIA'S
ENTERTAINER AT MIDNIGHT
★ TIKI DAYAN
★ ZVIKA PICK
Weekdays: 4, 7.15, 9.30

RAMAT GAN
THE DEEP
ROBERT SHAW
JACQUELINE BISSET
NICK NOLTE
Directed by Peter Yates
7, 9.30

RAMA Tel. 721921
2nd week
SECRETS OF A SUPERSTUD
Adults only
7.15, 9.30
Wednesdays at 4.30 also

Herzliya

DAVID
Academy Award Winner
NETWORK
7, 9.30

TIFERET
THE CRIME BUSTERS
★ TERENCE HILL
★ BUD SPENCER
4, 7.15, 9.30

Petah Tikva

SHALOM
GEORGE OVADIA'S
ENTERTAINER AT MIDNIGHT
★ TIKI DAYAN
★ ZVIKA PICK
Sat.: 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays: 3.30, 7.15, 9.15

Netanya

ESTHER
TIGERS DON'T CRY
Sat.: 5, 7, 9.15
Weekdays: 4.30, 7, 9.15

Haifa Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, January 7, 1978

AMPHITHEATRE
Dean Stanton in a thriller
FACE TO THE WIND
for adults only
4, 6.45, 9

ARMON
Breathtaking motorcycle acrobatics...
THE COP IN BLUE JEANS
with
TOMAS MILIAN
JACK PALANCE
FOR ADULTS ONLY
4, 6.45, 9

ATZMON
3rd week
TWILIGHT'S LAST GLEAMING
4, 6.45, 9

MIRON
3rd week
Six nonstop perfs. from Friday
MY EROTIC WIFE
For adults only

CHEN Tel. 666272
The one thing people hate more than a cop killer is the lawyer who gets him off...
Dean Martin
in
MR. RICCO
For adults only
4, 6.45, 9

MORIAH
3rd week
FUNNY PEOPLE
In colour
6.45, 9

ORAH Tel. 664017
2nd week
Linda Blair, Martin Sheen in
SWEET HOSTAGE
4, 6.45, 9

ORION
3rd week
The Virgin of St. Tropez
In colour
Six nonstop perfs. from Friday

ORLY
3rd week
Jack Lemmon, Walter Matthau in Billy Wilder's delightful comedy
THE FORTUNE COOKIE
6.45, 9

PEER
Israel premiere
A delightful Israeli comedy for all the family
Tiki Dayan, Zvika Pick, Levana Finkelshtein, Mani Pe'er
in
ENTERTAINER AT MIDNIGHT
4, 6.45, 9

RON
6th week
FACE TO FACE

SHAVIT
An entertaining film
L'AMOUR L'APRES MIDI
(Love in the Afternoon)
Perfs. all week 6.45, 9

Jerusalem Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, January 7, 1978

MITCHELL
6th week
NEW YORK — NEW YORK!
LIZA MINNELLI
ROBERT DE NIRO
6.30, 9.15
Wednesday also at 4.00

ORGIL Tel. 234176
2nd week
CARRIE
4, 6.45, 9

ORION Tel. 222914
★ FRANCO NERO
★ WILLIAM BERGER
★ WOODY STOOD
In a great western
KEOMA
4, 6.30, 9

ORNA Tel. 224733
3rd week
A gripping and sensational drama.
IT'S ALIVE

RON Tel. 234704
4th week
Another great comedy
★ MEL BROOKS
12 CHAIRS

SEMADAR
3rd week
A classic love story
DR. ZHIVAGO
One Performance Only
8.00 p.m.

ARNON Tel. 224829
3rd week
THE GOOD THE BAD & THE UGLY
Sat night 6.15, 9
Weekdays 5.45, 8.45

EDEN Tel. 223829
The Israeli Comedy for the whole family
ENTERTAINER AT MIDNIGHT
★ TIKI DAYAN
★ ZVIKA PICK
4, 7, 9

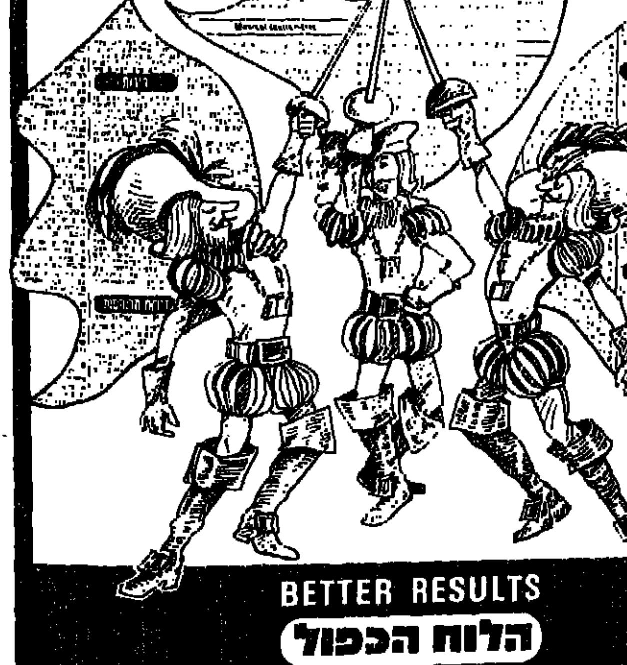
EDISON Tel. 224056
2nd week
The great Indian picture
MAGBOOR
Sat. evening 8.30
Weekdays 4, 8

HABIRAH Tel. 232360
3rd week
★ MARGO GUTNER
THE FOOD OF THE GODS

JERUSALEM
2nd week
Hilarious army comedy
MASH
7, 9

Classified advertisements for publication on Friday in Hebrew and English can be handed in any day to any approved advertising agency or directly to an office of Haluah Hakaful, so as to reach the main office of Haluah Hakaful by the Wednesday evening preceding publication.

All advertisements so handed in will be translated into English and will appear on Friday in The Jerusalem Post, in addition to publication in Yediot Aharonot and Haaretz!!



BETTER RESULTS
הלוח הכפול
הארץ ידיעות אחרונות
IN COOPERATION WITH
THE JERUSALEM POST
BIGGEST, MORE WIDELY READ, MORE EFFICIENT

Robert de Niro and Liza Minnelli in the nostalgic, Big-Band-sound musical "New York, New York."

FILMS IN BRIEF

BOBBY DEERFIELD — Another variation on the "Love Story" theme, with Al Pacino as an ace car-racer who falls in love with a terminally ill woman (Martha Keller)...predictable denouement.

THE DEEP — Based on Peter Benchley's sequel to "Jaws", "The Deep" is rather disappointing. Although the underwater photography is interesting, and there are sequences of real suspense, the story is implausible, and the characterizations thin and two-dimensional. Robert Shaw lends some credibility to the characters all of whom fall neatly into categories of good and evil.

DECAMERON — Erotic comedy based on the Boccaccio tales and directed by Paulo Pasolini.

THE DIRTY DOZEN — Re-issue of the action-packed film in which a dozen tough American criminals are sent on a mission to Nazi-occupied Europe.

DR. ZHIVAGO — Touching story based on Boris Pasternak's novel about an upper-class doctor (Omar Sharif) who becomes involved with the revolutionaries. Set in the pre-Russian Revolution period. Also stars Julie Christie, Rod Steiger and Geraldine Chaplin. Beautifully filmed.

THE ENTERTAINER — Based on John Osborne's well-known play about a played-out vaudevillian, Archie Rice. Sensitively handled by an excellent cast, with a brilliant performance from Jack Lemmon.

FACE TO FACE — Ingmar Bergman's excellent psychological study of a woman (Liv Ullman) who works in a mental asylum and who, by excessive introspection, loses her grip on reality.

THE FORTUNE COOKIE — Comedy directed by Billy Wilder with Jack Lemmon as a TV photographer who gets knocked unconscious in the process of covering a football game.

GONE WITH THE WIND — Re-issue of that all time box-office-best-seller about the American civil war.

THE GOOD EARTH — (1937) Based on Pearl Buck's novel set in China about how greed ruins the lives of a simple farming couple, Paul Muni and Luise Rainer who won an Oscar for her role.

HESTER STREET — Sympathetically depicts the dilemma of *Shtetl Jews* from all over Europe in adapting to the mores of their adoptive country — the U.S. Steven Keats plays the assimilated Jew who has preceded his wife (Carol Kane) and son to America and tries to eradicate his old self by rejecting her.

IT'S ALIVE — A monster baby is born to a normal Los Angeles couple; it escapes and terrorizes the city, until the police and the horrid thing's father run it to ground. Dull production but undoubtedly horrifying.

LUPO GOES TO NEW YORK — Satirical comedy about the reunion between Lupo (Yehuda Barkan), a furniture peddler in the *Jaffa* flea market, and his grandson who lives with his snobbish parents in New York.

M.A.S.H. — The now classic film about American G.I.s in the Korea War. Some hilarious scenes. Elliot Gould, Donald Sutherland and an excellent cast give fine performances.

NETWORK — Examines TV's ability to influence and brainwash while depicting people struggling for power in running a major American network. Involved in TV politics are Peter Finch, who portrays a newscaster, Faye Dunaway, a top executive, and Robert Duvall, a top network officer.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK — Lightweight, showy entertainment of two musical careerists who meet at the end of World War II. Liza Minnelli is no patch on Streisand but Robert de Niro is competent and amusing. Big-Band sound a pleasure for those who like it.

RANSOM — Topical story of an aircraft hijacking and political kidnapping in Scandinavia. Complicated, tension-filled plot. Fine acting.

ROCKY — Made with a rockbottom budget of $1m. and written in three days by Sylvester Stallone — who also stars in the title-role — the film became an Academy Award winner for best picture, best director. The story of an impoverished, once-third-rate boxer who rocks to success and gets to play the world heavyweight champion parallels Sylvester's own life story.

ROSE ET FREDERIC — Two high spirited, inseparable 10-year-olds cause a lot of funny, exasperating and hurtful things to happen. Warm and endearing with a good performance from Bernard Fresson as Frederic's troubled father.

SAVAGE WORLD — Ruthless beasts, strange diseases, sodomy. But brutal scenes are toned down by beautiful wildlife photography.

SHIP OF FOOLS — 1965 film directed by Stanley Kramer and starring Vivien Leigh, Lee Marvin, George Segal and Elizabeth Ashley. An allegory of the human condition based on Katherine Anne Porter's novel of a ship at sea before World War II.

THE TWELVE CHAIRS — Mel Brooks' adventure comedy set in 1927 Russia against a background of post-revolutionary chaos. With Mel Brooks, Ron Moody, Dom Deluise and others.

TIGERS DON'T CRY — The ailing President of Gamba is kidnapped from a South African Hospital by a male nurse, while a Russian agent is out to assassinate him. Exciting and holds the curiosity, but suffers from lapses of sentimentality and absurdity.

20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA — Adventure film based on the novel by Jules Verne. Stars Kirk Douglas.

HADASSAH MEDICAL ORGANIZATION
announces
Opening of Registration for Course for Dental Hygienists
to be held at the Dental School

Successful graduates of the course will receive a diploma entitling them to a Ministry of Health licence as Dental Hygienists.
Conditions of Acceptance: Graduates of comprehensive high schools recognized by the Ministry of Education and Culture (preference will be given to holders of full matriculation certificates or equivalent certificates recognized by the Ministry of Education and Culture). Candidates should be between 18 and 30 years of age and be in good health. They will be required to take a psychotechnical examination and be interviewed by an acceptance committee.
Conditions of Study: The course will continue for two years and will include academic studies as well as practical clinical work. The course will be non-residential.
Registration: Registration forms may be obtained from: The Secretary, Dental Hygienists Course, Hadassah, P.O.B. 499, Jerusalem.
Registration fee: IL50.- (Please include a cheque made out to Hadassah).

Payment for the psychotechnical examination will be made by the candidates themselves.
Candidates will be required to present the following items for registration:
a. I.D. Booklet
b. Certificate of Education (including photocopy)
c. Certificates from abroad should be accompanied by a notarised Hebrew translation
d. 2 pictures

Registration will take place from January 1-20, 1978.

هكذا من الأصل

The Week's TV/Radio Highlights

JANUARY 6, 1978 — JANUARY 12, 1978

FRIDAY

Yitzhak Perlman
TV, 22.10

EDUCATIONAL: 8.35 Special Education. 9.00 Citizenship 7. 9.20 Math 8 10.10 Math 7. 10.30 Electricity 8 11.10 Biology 9-10. 11.30 Society and Culture. 12.25 History. 13.00 Society and Culture 14.00 Animation and humour. 14.30 Everyman's University

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
15.00 The Muppets
15.25 Sabbath eve programme for youth: songs, readings. Bible portion of the week: *Va'eira*

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
17.30 News roundup
17.32 Arabic film
19.45 News
20.02 Programme announcements

HEBREW PROGRAMMES
resume at 20.05 with Sabbath eve programme with Rabbi Avidor Hacohen and Ofra Hazeh. Bible portion of the week: *Va'eira*
20.20 Weekly News Magazine
21.20 Jennie. Part six of a seven-part series dramatizing the unconventional life of Lady Randolph Churchill, the mother of Sir Winston Churchill. Starring Lee Remick, Ronald Pickup, Warren Clarke, Barbara Parkins.
22.10 Perlman Plays Bach: Yitzhak Perlman presents Bach's "Partita No.3 for Violin Solo"
22.30 Thriller — The Sweeney: Jigsaw. Series starring John Thaw as Inspector Regan and Dennis Waterman as the cockney Sergeant Carter
23.20 News

JORDAN TV
(unofficial): Shows with Asterisks are also on JTV3:
12.30 Cartoon. 13.30* Soccer. 14.15 The Bionic Woman. 18.30 The Brady Bunch. 19.30 News in Hebrew. 20.00 News in Arabic. 20.30 All About Jordan. 21.10 The Medical Centre. 22.00 News in English. 22.15* Baretta.

7.07 Morning Melodies
8.10 Morning concert — Verdi: La Forza del destino: Overture; Beethoven: Sonata No.9 in E Major, Op.14, No.1 (Barenboim); Fasch: Concerto in D Major for Trumpet and 2 Oboes; Ravel: Piano Concerto in G Major (David Bar-Ilan Foss); Mozart: Woodwind Serenade in C Minor K.388 (Noam Sheriff) [illegible] Bach: Cantata No.78; Ives: [illegible]; Farnon: I love a Tune; Stoltz: Grinzing; Copland: El Salon Mexico
13.00 Light classical music
16.00 Sabbath eve programme: discussion, readings from the portion of the week (*Va'eira*), cantorial music, talk by Chief Rabbi Ovadia Yosef
16.05 (Stereo): Ravel: Tombeau de Couperin (Boulez); Mozart: Piano Concerto No.16 in D Major (Peter Serkin, A. Schneider); Tchaikovsky: String Serenade (Barenboim)
17.20 Literary party
20.15 (Stereo): Concert — Beethoven: Septet in E-flat Major, Op.20; Variations on a theme by Suessmayer, 4 Court Dances; Symphony No.6 in F Major, Op. 68 (Dorati)
22.05 "Night Pieces" — Music selections by Liszt, Schumann; Readings from Heinrich Heine
23.00 Radio drama: "Amphitrao," by Plautus (in English)
00.10 (Stereo) "Contrasts" with Paul Landau

8.10 Good Morning — Matchmaking, story-telling, interviews, weekly horoscope, Hebrew popular songs
12.30 Israeli songs
14.10 Weekend — songs, chat, interviews, classical music
16.10 Pleasures of the Land — Archeologist Shmarya Gutman describes excavations in Massada and the Golan Heights
17.05 "Brazil, Land of the Coffee Bean"
18.05 "On a Deserted Island"
19.05 Gideon Lev-Ari's weekly column, including the Interview of the Week
20.05 Prayer and song
21.05 Sephardi songs
22.05 Once Again — on the German member of the Palmach
23.05 Beer and Good Cheer — Songs, light and heavy talk with Ya'acov Agmon

9.05 Morning Party — Music: "Red Line": Listeners may call 03-822292 the moment something newsworthy happens
12.05 On drivers and traffic: reports from police positions, features on transportation, quizzes, information on tours of the country
14.30 Golden oldies
16.05 Between the Lines — weekly magazine on journalism in Israel
17.05 Profile of a Leader: President Harry S Truman
17.57 Programme announcements
18.05 Weekly news magazine
19.05 My Own Presentation with Dalit Ormian
20.05 Light classical music
21.05 Songs
22.05 "My Record Library"
23.05 Dance records with Gadi Livneh
02.05 An hour of Blues

VOICE OF PEACE
Continuous music 24 hours a day. News broadcasts: Weekdays—hourly 7.00 a.m.-18.00 p.m.; 22.00-24.00. Saturdays 9 a.m.-18.00 p.m.; 22.00-24.00

SATURDAY

Mordechai Zippori
Army, 13.05

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.00 News roundup
18.02 Cartoons
18.30 Greek song and dance
19.30 News

HEBREW PROGRAMMES
resume at 20.00 with Kal Va'homer: monthly magazine for the month of *Shevat*
20.30 Mabat newsreel
21.00 Mabat sport
22.00 Thriller — Double Kill
23.10 News

JORDAN TV
(unofficial): 18.15* Arabic programme for youth. 19.00* Documentary. 19.30 News in Hebrew. 20.00* News in Arabic. 20.30 Miss Jones and Son. 21.10 All You Need is Love. 22.00 News in English. 22.15* Movie of the Week

7.11 Light classical music
8.05 (Stereo): Corelli: Concerto Grosso No.4 in D Major; Vivaldi: Oboe Concerto in C Major; Haydn: Choir Song; Mendelssohn: Serenade and Allegro Giocoso for Piano and Orchestra; Weber: Preziosa Overture
9.00 World of Science
9.25 Music quiz
10.05 (Stereo): Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau sings Haydn, Reichnardt, Liszt, Schubert, Mahler
11.00 Radio drama
12.15 (Stereo): Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with soloists Michael Maisky, cello; Netanya Davrat, soprano — Works by Bach, Lalo, Lavry, Kodaly
15.00 Reflections on the concept of time with the late Prof. Aharon Katzir (repeat)
16.05 Literary Party — Literary selections from members of Yeruham's Culture, Youth and Sports Centre
17.00 (Stereo): The Genius and the World — W.A. Mozart: "Brother and Sister"
20.15 (Stereo): "Contrasts" with Cilla Grossmeyer, Hanoch Tel-Oren, Ehud Avihail, Alan Tchaikov, Benjamin Oren — Music by Loeillet, Hook, Schubert, Milhaud, Etler, Beethoven
22.05 Shmuel Almog's talk show
23.00 (Stereo): "Music Here and Now" [illegible]

9.05 Joke After Joke — The truth behind children's stories
9.55 Sights in Israel with Azaria Allon
10.05 Weekly news magazine
11.05 Humorous sketches with Dudu Topaz and Yoel Rappel; Love songs with Ruhama and the Parvarim
12.05 The Fifties — The *Ma'abarot* (transit camps built in Israel for immigrants) in Israel during the years 1950-1952
13.05 My Father's House — Haim Bar-Lev talks about his childhood
13.50 Announcements on entertainment and the arts
14.10 Songs and Goals — Reports on the day's soccer games
17.10 "Another Angle" on a familiar figure
18.05 Matter Receiving Attention — Gideon Lev Ari takes up current problems and sees them through the red tape
18.30 Sports commentary
19.05 Weekly news magazine (repeat)
19.47 Bible Reading: Isaiah 41, 42
20.05 Mixed Notes — potpourri of music
20.45 Sports commentary
21.05 Middle East crossroads — political commentary
22.05 Songs for the end of Sabbath
23.05 Reactions to TV and radio programmes and the press
00.10 Songs

8.05 Songs, comedy skits
9.05 The Happy Choir — songs and stories for children
10.05 Hebrew songs
11.05 The Third Man — radio game — a panel tries to guess which of 3 guests is the person they all claim to be
12.05 Five-Finger Exercise — Graphologist Hanna Koren tries to analyze the personalities of Assaf Yaguri, M.K.; caricaturist Friedel Stern; musician Gil Aldema
13.05 Personal Questions — Ya'acov Agmon interviews Deputy Defence Minister Mordechai Zippori
14.05 Record of the Week — Listener's choose the album of their choice
15.05 Golden oldies
15.30 "5708" — Recordings of the events of 30 years ago
17.05 A peek into the lives of the Meltzers
18.05 Profile of the late Eliezer Ben-Yehuda
18.57 Programme announcements
19.05 Mini-Marathon — Blues
21.05 On Jewish tradition
22.05 Progressive music
00.05 Night Birds — songs, chat

VOICE OF AMERICA NEWS SHOWS
1259 kiloHertz:
5-6 and 8-8.30 a.m. - Daily breakfast show with news, popular music and interviews
11-12 p.m. - News, analysis and topical reports
791 kiloHertz:
6-6.30 a.m. - Daily breakfast show, as above.
9-10 p.m. - VOA magazine, with Americana, science and cultural news, roundup of news

SUNDAY

Zvi Zeitlin
Radio 1st, 20.15

EDUCATIONAL: 8.10 Geometry 6. 8.30 Different Perspectives. 9.00 English 8. 9.20 English 6. 10.10 Literary Selections. 10.30 Geometry 5 11.10 Algebra 8. 11.30 Literary Selections 7-8 12.00 English 9. 12.20 Citizenship 7. 12.40 Language 6-8. 13.00 English 10. 13.20 Advice and Guidance 7. 13.40 Biology 9-10. 14.00 Road safety. 14.05 Handiwork. 16.35 English 9 16.40 Nature 17.00 Music

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Telepele
17.50 The Paddington Bear
18.00 Carousel: Special programme for the month of *Tevet*

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 The Flying Carpet: Children's stories
19.05 The Southern Seas: Series describing life in the Pacific Islands
19.30 News and weekly magazine

HEBREW PROGRAMMES
resume at 20.00 with Family Situation: Problems facing parents and their children
20.30 Another Hit Tune: Foreign language songs
21.00 Mabat newsreel
21.30 Second Look: programme on news background and analysis
22.00 Thriller — Starsky and Hutch: Little Girl Lost. With David Soul and Paul Michael Glaser.
22.50 Behind the Headlines: Thrice weekly magazine including interviews with personalities in the news and discussion and comparison of news coverage in different media.
23.50 News

JORDAN TV
(unofficial): 18.30* The Waltons. 19.30 News in Hebrew. 20.00* News in Arabic. 20.30 The Good Life. 21.10 Roots. 22.00 News in English. 22.15 Hawaii Five-0

7.07 Morning Melodies
8.10 Morning Concert — Mendelssohn: Trio in D Minor; De Wert: 3 Madrigals; Hummel: Mandoline Concerto in G Major; Debussy: Children's Corner; Mozart: Excerpts from Le nozze di Figaro; Bach: Flute Sonata in E-flat Major (Rampal); Dvorak: American Suite
10.05 Radio drama
10.40 Anthology of music
11.35 Arabic for beginners
[illegible]
13.00 Noon concert — Corelli: Concerto Grosso, Op.6, No.8; Haydn: Divertimento No.2; Maderna: Oboe Concerto; Penderecki: Canon for Orchestra and Magnetic Tape
14.10 Medicine, Ethics and Society — Prof. Yisrael Ashkenazi talks about the relationship between the individual and the medical profession
15.55 Notes on a new book
16.05 (Stereo): Dvorak: Requiem (Kertesz); Morego: Laudate Pueri
20.15 "Spotlight on Contemporary Musical Personalities" — Zvi Zeitlin
21.00 Everyman's University — Biochemistry
21.30 Reflections on the portion of the week
21.50 Lessons in *Halacha*
22.05 (Stereo): Israel Chamber Orchestra, Erich Schmidt conducting — Mozart: Serenade in D Major, K.250 (Vera Waidman, violin); Dvorak: Serenade for Strings in E Major, Op.22
00.10 "On Music and More"

12.30 Israeli songs
14.10 Stage and Screen — songs from musicals
15.05 Golden oldies
16.10 "Direct Line"
17.10 The Suffocating Starf — Who-dun-it quiz
18.05 Problems concerning senior citizens
18.43 Sports commentary
19.00 People and events in the news
19.47 Bible Reading: Isaiah 43, 44
20.05 Israel in the year 2000 — Problems of communication in Israel
21.05 Folk songs
22.05 The story of a court case (dramatization)
23.05 Magazine on culture, art and entertainment

6.30 University on the Air — History of philosophy from the Renaissance to Kant. With Prof. Ben Ami Scharfstein, Dr. Shlomo Biderman
7.07 On drivers and traffic: reports from police questions, features on transportation, quizzes, information on tours of the country
12.05 Songs, regards
12.45 Fifteen minutes — a brief survey of current events in Israel and around the world
13.05 Hebrew songs
13.30 "5708" — Recordings of the events of 30 years ago
11.05 Sports magazine
15.30 Needle in a record stack — new record acquisitions
18.05 Magazine on man and his environment
18.35 Meet the Elected — Ze'ev Segal interviews Ronni Milo, M.K.
19.05 Songs, comedy skits
20.05 Weekly Concert — Mozart: Exsultate Jubilate (Raskin), Beethoven: Sonata No.3 for Cello and Piano (Hareli); Berlioz: Roman Carnival (Boulez, New York Philharmonic)
21.05 Tonight's Star — Carole King
21.30 University on the Air — History of philosophy from the Renaissance to Kant
22.05 Literary party — Prof. Israel Levin talks about the poetry of Ibn Gvirol
00.05 Night Birds — songs, chat with Yoel Dan

MONDAY

Maurice Ravel
Radio 1st, 13.00

EDUCATIONAL: 8.15 English 6 - 24 Science and Nature 2-3 9.00 My Friends from Arnon Street. 9.30 Programme for kindergarteners. 10.10 Nature 6. 10.30 English 5. 11.30 Math 12.00 Biology 9-10 12.25 Story. 12.40 Electricity 8 13.00 Biology 9-10. 13.40 Literature 9-12. 16.00 Programme for kindergarteners. 16.30 Everyman's University.

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Maya the Bee, based on the book by Waldmar Bonsels (part eight)
18.00 Quiet! We're on the Air. Children in the newsroom

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 Sports
19.15 Projector
19.27 Programme announcements
19.30 News and Weekly Magazine

HEBREW PROGRAMMES
resume at 20.00 with Merasha: Quiz on Judaism and the history of Israel
20.30 Backstage: B. - weekly magazine on entertainment, cinema, sculpture, painting, ballet and music
21.00 Mabat newsreel
21.30 Three Days in Szczecin. Documentary film on the workers' strike in Poland in 1971, which was the largest of its kind under Communist rule.
22.50 American singer Melba Moore presents selections by Carole King, Jacques Brel, George Gershwin
23.40 News

JORDAN TV
(unofficial): 18.00 Cartoons. 18.25 World of Walt Disney 19.30 News in Hebrew. 20.00* News in Arabic. 20.30 The Many Wives of Patrick. 21.10 The Foundation. 22.00 News in English. 22.15 The Angels

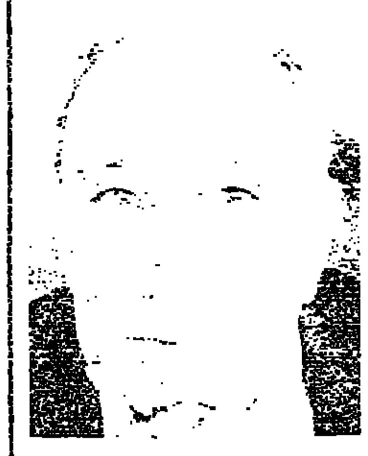
7.07 Morning Melodies
8.10 Morning concert — Purcell: Dido and Aeneas (Colin Davis); Saint-Saens: Piano Concerto No.2 in G Minor (Daniel Adni); Mozart: Symphony No.33 in B-flat Major
10.35 Arabic lesson
10.40 History of the Hebrew novel
11.35 Violeta Parra, Chilean guitarist
12.05 (Stereo): Israel Baroque Players — J.C. Bach: Quintet in D Major; Telemann: Quartet in G Minor; J.C. Bach: Trio in C Major for Flute, Violin and Harpsichord; Boismortier: Concerto for Five in E Minor [illegible] Espagnole; Ravel: Barque sur l'ocean (Boulez)
14.10 World of Science
14.35 Speaker's Podium — Dr. Refaela Bielski talks about a social welfare state
15.55 Notes on a new book
16.05 (Stereo). Israel Chamber Orchestra, Erich Schmidt conducting with Vera Waidman, violin — Works by Mozart and Dvorak
20.15 (Stereo): For the Collector with Edna Anati
21.00 Everyman's University — Introduction to earth sciences
21.30 "The Musical Heritage of Nehemiah Winaver"
22.05 (Stereo): Leo Garb and Karen Spiegel in arias and songs by Donizetti, Bellini and Haydn; The Vidom Trio in works by Spirea and A. Rabinovitz
23.23 (Stereo): "23:23" — Outstanding works of the 20th Century — E. Varese: Offrandes; Integrales; F. Poulenc: Sarabande; L. Brower: Parabola
00.10 (Stereo): Musical miniatures

12.30 Israeli songs
14.10 Musical adventures
15.05 Sabbath songs
16.10 Finger on the Pulse — magazine on health and medicine
17.10 Manny Peter's talk and entertainment show
18.05 Economics and Business
18.13 Sports commentary
19.00 People and events in the news
19.47 Bible Reading: Isaiah 45, 46
20.05 Gideon Lev-Ari's weekly column, including the Interview of the Week
21.05 Jazz corner — recordings of Ronald Kirk
22.05 Confrontation (no details)
23.05 "Radio Information, Shalom!"

6.30 University on the Air — Prof. Lev Fishelson talks about marine biology and ecology
9.05 Morning Party — Music: "Red Line" — Listeners may call 03-822292 the moment something newsworthy happens
12.05 Songs, regards
12.45 Fifteen Minutes — a brief survey of current events in Israel and around the world
13.05 Hebrew songs
17.30 "5708" — Recordings of the events of 30 years ago
16.05 Songs for everyone
18.05 Magazine on Middle East affairs
18.57 Programme announcements
19.05 Personal File — Interview with a Phantom squadron officer
19.50 "5708" (repeat)
20.05 Progressive music
20.55 "Headline" — international news
21.05 Folk songs
21.30 University on the Air — On marine biology and ecology
22.05 Classical music
00.05 Night Birds — songs, chat with Pinhas Eldan

NEWS COMMENTARY
Second Programme: Following the news at 7 a.m., 1 p.m. and 7 p.m. **Army Radio:** Following the 8 a.m. and 5 p.m. news and at 11.40 p.m.

TUESDAY



Meir Amit
Army, 18.47

EDUCATIONAL: [illegible]

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Telepele
17.50 Famous chess matches
18.00 "Faster, Higher, Stronger": Sports magazine

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 Special regards from workers at the Hadera paper factory
19.00 Family Magazine
19.30 News

HEBREW PROGRAMMES
20.00 Nine Squares. Quiz game with Yehuda Barkan, Shlomo Bar Shavit, Dubi Gal, Moti Giladi, Moshe Timor, Avraham Mor, Aviva Marks, Zeev Aner, Yoel Rappel
20.30 Kolbotek
21.00 Mabat newsreel
21.30 Selections from the Hanukka Song Festival. With Uri Shevah, the Inbal Dancers. Yehoram Gaon
22.20 The Age of Uncertainty: The Metropolis. Part eleven of a 13-part series which probes into the dynamics of modern economics. With John Kenneth Galbraith
23.10 Behind the Headlines
23.50 News

JORDAN TV
(unofficial): 18.15* Cartoons. 18.30 Medical Centre 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic. 20.30 Devenish. 21.20 Anna Karenina. 22.00 News in English. 22.15* The Age of Uncertainty.

7.07 Morning Melodies
8.10 Morning concert — Beethoven: Symphony No.2 (Otto Klemperer); Schubert: Quartet in G Major (Tel Aviv); Respighi: Pines of Rome (Munich)
10.05 Radio Story
10.15 Special Education
10.35 Arabic lesson
10.40 Problems concerning senior citizens
[illegible]
13.00 Noon concert — Smetana: Excerpts from The Bartered Bride; Schumann: Konzertstueck; Stravinsky: The Firebird (Abbado)
14.10 Literary Party — Literary selections presented by members of Yeruham's Culture, Youth and Sports Centre
15.35 Notes on a new book
16.05 Bach: Cantata No.140; Schubert: Quintet in A Major for Piano, "Trout"
17.20 Music quiz
20.30 (Stereo): The Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra with Sergiu Comissiona conducting a concert after "Hoffnung"
21.40 Seven Eyes — Bat Sheva Sheriff and Moshe Dor react to music
23.00 Radio drama
00.10 (Stereo): Choral music

12.30 Israeli songs
14.10 Songs
15.05 Sephardi songs
16.10 Songs
17.10 Court House
18.19 Modern Times
18.43 Sports commentary
19.00 People and events in the news
19.47 Bible Reading: Isaiah 27, 28
20.05 "Another Angle" on a familiar figure with Aluf (Res.) Prof. Yehoshafat Harkabi
21.05 Cantorial music
22.05 Weekly journal on religious life
23.05 The Apple and the Tree — discussion of problems between parents and children. Listeners can call 03-256225 to ask questions of a psychologist in the studio

6.30 University on the Air — Yigal Ilem talks about important problems in the history of Zionism
9.05 Morning Party — Music: "Red Line" — Listeners may call 03-822292 the moment something newsworthy happens
12.05 Songs, regards
12.45 Fifteen Minutes — a brief survey of current events in Israel and around the world
13.05 Hebrew songs
13.30 "5708" — recordings of the events of 30 years ago
15.05 Press conference with Transportation and Communications Minister Meir Amit
19.05 Bestsellers — "Maya the Bee," by Waldmar Bonsels
19.50 "5708" (repeat)
20.05 Progressive music
20.35 Arabic lesson
21.05 Tonight's Star — Shalom Hanoch
21.30 University on the Air — Important problems in the History of Zionism
22.05 Tonight — Interviews, discussions
00.05 Night Birds — songs, chat with Dori Ben Zeev
02.05 Jazz hour

NEWS BULLETINS
Army Radio: Every hour on the hour. **First Programme:** Every two hours, from 7 a.m. to midnight. 6 p.m. broadcast is in easy Hebrew. **Second Programme:** 6.05 a.m., then every hour on the hour until 1 a.m. **Third Programme:** Hourly, from 6 a.m. to midnight.

WEDNESDAY

Yitzhak Modai
Radio 2nd, 16.10

EDUCATIONAL: 8.30 English 6. 8.50 Literary selections. 9.00 English 9. 9.20 English 7. 9.40 Language 10.05 Art. 10.30 Geometry 5. 10.50 Special Education. 11.10 English 8. 11.30 Geometry 5. 12.00 Language and Literature 7-8. 12.20 English 6. 12.40 Mechanical Drawing 9. 13.00 History. 13.40 Technology 9. 14.00 Road Safety. 14.05 Music. 16.00 Programme for kindergarteners. 16.30 Everyman's University

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 The World of Walt Disney

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 Youth magazine
19.00 Know Israel!
19.27 Programme announcements
19.30 News

HEBREW PROGRAMMES
20.00 The Brothers: series by Eric Pace and N.J. Crisp tracing the family history of the London transport firm of Hammond
21.00 Mabat newsreel
21.30 Moked
22.00 Il Grido. Michelangelo Antonioni's 1959 film starring Betsy Blair, Alida Valli and Steve Cochran. The story of a man's search through other women for the woman he has lost
23.50 News

JORDAN TV
(unofficial). 18.00* Jabber Jaw. 19.00 I Dream of Jeannie. 19.30 News in Hebrew. 20.00* News in Arabic. 20.30 Robin's Nest. 21.00 The Duchess of Duke Street. 21.10 Country Matters. 22.00 News in English. 22.15 Del Vecchio.

7.07 Morning Melodies
8.10 Morning concert — Couperin: Suite La Francoise; Beethoven: Violin Concerto in D Major (Gideon Kremer); Sibelius: Symphony No.1 in E Minor, Op.39
10.05 Radio story
10.15 Arabic for beginners
10.40 Literary Party
11.35 "The Song of the Christian Arabs in Israel" with Dr. Dahliah Cohen
12.05 (Stereo): Jerome Barry, baritone — Faure: L'horizon imaginaire; Beethoven: An die ferne Geliebte; Andre Hajdu: 17 Songs
13.00 (Stereo): Noon concert — Vivaldi: Flute Concerto; Haydn: Symphony No.39 in G Minor; [illegible]
15.55 Notes on a new book
16.05 (Stereo): Charles Ives: Quartet No.2; Beethoven: Quartet in E-flat Major, Op. 127
17.17 (Stereo): Songs and their lyrics
20.15 Echoes from the symposium on Schoenberg with Dr. Dika Newlin, Prof. Alexander Ringer and Dr. Hans Keller
21.00 Everyman's University — biochemistry
21.30 Speaker's Podium — Dr. Rafaela Bielski talks about different approaches to welfare problems
21.55 Sights in Israel with Azaria Allon
22.05 (Stereo): Verdi: I Masnadieri

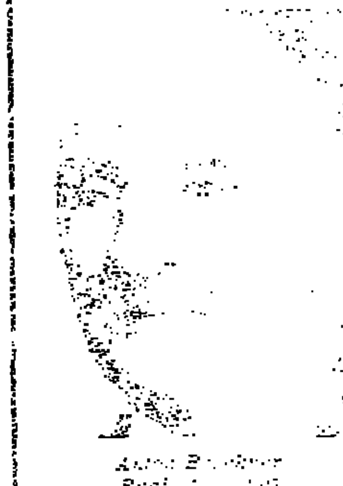
12.30 Israeli songs
15.05 Hebrew songs
16.05 Magazine on science, technology and medicine
16.10 Press conference with Energy and Infrastructure Minister Yitzhak Modai
17.10 Hebrew songs
18.05 Economics and business
18.43 Sports commentary
19.00 People and events in the news
19.47 Bible Reading: Isaiah 49, 50
20.05 "On a Desert Island"
21.05 Progressive music
22.05 "Land of Pleasure" — Archeologist Shmarya Gutman describes excavations of Massada and the Golan Heights
23.05 Weekend — songs, chat, interview, discussion

6.30 University on the Air — Prof. Giora Shaviv talks about cosmology: the structure of the universe
9.05 Morning Party — Music: "Red Line" — Listeners may call 03-822292 the moment something newsworthy happens
12.05 Songs, regards
12.15 Fifteen Minutes — a brief survey of current events in Israel and around the world
13.05 Hebrew songs
13.30 "5708" — recordings of the events of 30 years ago
13.52 "From the Jewish point of view" with Hanna Zemer
14.05 Foreign language hit parade
14.45 Yitzhak Livni talks about life insurance
18.57 Programme announcements
19.05 Prof. Moshe Arens, chairman of the Knesset committee, answers questions from soldiers
19.50 "5708" (repeat)
20.05 Juke Box music
21.05 Stage and Screen — songs from musicals
21.30 University on the Air — series on cosmology: the structure of the universe
22.05 Tender is the Night — music
23.05 Let's Talk — Natan Dunevich tries to solve listeners' problems
01.05 Night Birds — songs, chat

EASY HEBREW BROADCASTS
News and features twice daily. First Programme — 6.00 a.m. and 1.00 p.m.

THIRD PROGRAMME
Light music from 6.00 a.m. to 12 p.m. daily, with an interruption for the news.

THURSDAY



[illegible]
Radio [illegible]

EDUCATIONAL: [illegible]

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
[illegible]

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
[illegible]

HEBREW PROGRAMMES
resume at 20.00 with Matter of the Week
20.50 Programme Trailer
21.00 Mabat newsreel
21.30 Documentary (no details available)
22.20 How Green Was My Valley. Part five of a six-part series based on Richard Llewellyn's novel about the Morgan family who live in a coal-mining town in Wales. With Stan Philips, Stanley Baker, Ray Powers
23.15 Behind the Headlines
23.50 News

JORDAN TV
(unofficial): 18.15 Cartoon. 18.30 Little House on the Prairie. 19.30 News in Hebrew. 20.00 News in Arabic. 20.30 Upshot Line. 21.10 Bestsellers. 22.00 News in English 22.15 Movie of the Week

7.07 Morning Melodies
8.10 Morning concert — Brahms: Academic Festival Overture (Maazel); Rietz: Konzertstueck in F Minor for Oboe and Orchestra (Heinz Holliger); Beethoven: Cello Sonata No.2 in A Minor, Op.5 (Rostropovich, Richter); Saint-Saens: Trio No.1 in F Major (Budapest); Mozart: Symphony No. 34 in C Major (Zubin Mehta)
10.15 Special Education
10.35 Arabic lesson
10.40 Reflections on the portion of the week
11.00 Prof. Yeshayahu Leibowitz [illegible]
12.05 (Stereo): Simha Heled, cello; Jonathan Zak, piano — Grieg: Sonata Op. 36; Kodaly: Sonata Op. 4; Martinu: Variations on a Theme by Rossini
13.00 (Stereo): Schubert: Overture and Ballet Music to Rosamunde; Shostakovich: Concerto for Trumpet, Piano and Strings; Op.35; Smetana: Vltava (Stokowski)
14.10 Discussion on the changes in the family structure
15.55 Notes on a new book
16.05 (Stereo): Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra presents — Webern: Ricercare (Juan Pablo Izquierdo); Berg: Seven Early Songs (Heather Harper, Gary Bertini); Schoenberg: Chamber Symphony No. 1, Op. 9 (Eliezer Carvalho); Beethoven: Symphony No.3 (Yuri Aharonovitz)
20.15 Music magazine
21.00 Everyman's University — Introduction to earth sciences
21.30 Talmud lesson with Dr. Avraham Arzi
22.05 (Stereo): Free State University Choir, Chris Stanpool conducting — Music by Gallus, Schuetz, Scarlatti, Bruckner, Gershwin, Kern; Madrigals and Folksongs
23.30 Yesterday's Artists — Adolf Busch and Rudolf Serkin
00.10 (Stereo): Musical miniatures

12.30 Israeli songs
14.10 Stage and Screen — songs from musicals
15.05 Sephardi songs
16.10 Any Questions?
17.10 "The Winner's Cup is Ours" (no details available)
18.05 "A Matter of Time"
18.43 Sports commentary
19.00 People and events in the news
19.47 Bible Reading: Isaiah 51, 52
20.05 Israeli songs
20.50 Basketball — Tel Aviv Maccabi vs Real Madrid in the European Cup Games at Yad Eliyahu stadium
22.30 Israeli songs
23.05 Just Between Us — Gideon Lev-Ari talks about current problems with listeners

6.30 University on the Air — Series on the elements of Jewish thought found in the Bible. With Prof. Yosef Ben Shlomo and Dr. Ya'acov Yehoshua Ross
9.05 Morning Party — Music: "Red Line" — Listeners may call 03-822292 the moment something newsworthy happens
12.05 Songs, regards
12.45 Fifteen Minutes — A brief survey of current events in Israel and around the world
13.05 Hebrew songs
13.30 "5708" — Recordings of the events of 30 years ago
14.05 Hebrew hit parade
18.05 Weekly magazine on economics
18.57 Programme announcements
19.05 Magazine on culture and entertainment
19.50 "5708" (repeat)
21.05 Tonight's Star — Bing Crosby
21.30 University on the Air — Series on the elements of Jewish thought found in the Bible
22.05 Songs
23.05 Psychiatrists and psychologists answer listeners' questions
00.05 Night Birds — Songs, chat

STOCK STOCK STOCK STOCK STOCK

WHAT'S ON

Notices are accepted for this column at the rate IL20 per line plus VAT; publication daily over a period of a month costs IL30 per line plus VAT. Ads are accepted at offices of The Jerusalem Post and at all recognized advertising agencies

Jerusalem

Plant a Tree in Israel with Your Own Hands: tours for planters to the Hills of Judea leave every Monday and Wednesday from Jerusalem and every Tuesday from Tel Aviv. For details and registration please call Visitors' Department: Keren Kayemet LeIsrael (Jewish National Fund): in Jerusalem, King George Ave., corner Rehov Keren Kayemet. Tel. 02-38261. In Tel Aviv, 95 Rehov Hayarkon, opp. Dan Hotel. Tel. 03-234449.

CONDUCTED TOURS

Tourists and Visitors come and see the **General Israel Orphans Home for Girls, Jerusalem,** and its manifold activities and impressively modern building. Free guided tours weekdays between 10-4. Bus No. 6 Kiryat Moshe. Tel. 528291.

Hadassah Tours

1. Medical Centre. Tours in English at 9, 10, 11 a.m. and 12 noon, leaving from the Kennedy Building. No charge. Buses 19 and 27.
2. Mt. Scopus Hospital: Tours from 8.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. No charge. Buses 9 and 28. Tel. 818111.
3. Morning half-day tour of all Hadassah projects. $4 per person towards transportation. By reservation only: Tel. 416335.

Hebrew University, tours in English at 9 and 11 a.m. from Administration Building, Givat Ram Campus. Mount Scopus tours 11.30 a.m. from the Martin Buber Building. Buses 9 and 28, School of Education bus stop. Further details: Tel. 38430.

Emunah — National Religious Women's Organization, Tourist Centre, 20 Rehov Ben Maimon. Tel. 02-62468, 30620, 811688.

American Mizrachi Women. Guest Tours — 19a Keren Hayesod Street, Jerusalem, Tel. 232768.

MISCELLANEOUS

Jerusalem Biblical Zoo, Schaeller Wood, Romema. Tel. 814822, 7.30 a.m. — 7 p.m.

Tel Aviv

CONDUCTED TOURS

Emunah — National Religious Women's Organization: "Kastel," 166 Rehov Ibn Gabirol. Tel. 440316, 788942.

Canadian Hadassah-Wizo Office, 116 Rehov Hayarkon. Tel. 227050, 8 a.m.-2 p.m.

Pioneer Women — Na'amat. Free morning tours, Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, by appointment. Call Tel. 288086, Tel Aviv.

ORT Israel: For visits please contact: ORT Tel Aviv, Tel. 238331, 782291-2; ORT Jerusalem, Tel. 633141; ORT Netanya, Tel. 33744.

American Mizrachi Women. Guest Tours — Tel Aviv — Tel. 220187, 243105.

Rehovot

Weizmann Institute of Science and *Weizmann House.* Conducted tours start at 9, 10, 11 a.m., 12 noon, 2 and 3 p.m. Fridays and holiday eves, last tour at 12 noon. Nominal fee for admission to Weizmann House. Closed Saturdays and holidays. Please book: Tel. 03-964960.

Shohar Gallery

Exhibition of oils, water colours and drawings by

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Auditorium, Haifa, 16.1
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Jer., Binyenei Ha'ooma, 9.1
La Traviata

Israel Theatres

The Cameri Theatre

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH JENNY?
Jan. 7, 8, 9, 10

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Jan. 10, 11

Beer-Sheva Municipal Theatre

HAROLD AND MAUDE
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ANDORRA
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Jan. 10, Kiryat Gat
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ART GUIDE

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Jerusalem

MUSEUMS

Israel Museum. Exhibitions: Israeli Artists 1977: Homage to Marc Chagall; The Sensuous Line: Jules Pascin drawings; Herbert Distel: The Museum of Drawers; Johannes Itten; What is a Self-portrait?; Lego in the Israel Museum. Visiting hours: **Israel Museum:** Sun. Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tue. 4-10 p.m.; Fri. 10 a.m.-2 p.m.; Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. **Shrine of the Book, Billy Rose Art Garden:** Sun., Mon., Wed., Thur. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tue. 10 a.m.-10 p.m.; Fri. and Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. **Rockefeller Museum:** Sun. — Thur. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Fri., Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Tickets for Sat. and holidays must be purchased in advance at the Museum, Cahana or major Jerusalem hotels; in Tel Aviv at Rococo, Hadran and Kastel.

GALLERIES

Galerie Vision Nouvelle. Y. and S. Hamiache. **Khutsot Hayotser,** original prints by contemporary European artists. Tel. 02-819864, 280031.

The Studio, 3 Yoel St. Israel originals.

Art Gallery, 4 Rehov Rabbi Akiva. Tel. 02-227820. Mini-exhibition of leading Egyptian artist, Abed Morsi. One-man show by Rafi Peled. Sat. 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; daily 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; 5-7 p.m.

Tel Aviv

MUSEUMS

Tel Aviv Museum, 27 Sderot Shaul Hamolech. Michael Gross 1955-1977; Tribute to Marc Chagall; Selection from the Museum's collection of Israeli Art. Helena Rubinstein Pavilion: Giorgio Morandi: Etchings; Milton Glaser, Graphic Design. Visiting Hours: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. (Library 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-7 p.m.); Friday, 10 a.m.-2 p.m. (Library 10 a.m.-1 p.m.), Sat. 7-11 p.m. **Ha'aretz Museum Tel Aviv** 1) **Museum Centre, Ramat Aviv:** Glass Museum, Ceramics Museum; Museum of Science and Technology; Museum of Ethnography and Folklore (Judaica); Alphabet Museum; Nechushtan Pavilion — Timna Excavations; Tel Qasile Excavations; Museum Library; Lasky Planetarium (Demonstrations daily, at 8, 10, 11, 12 p.m. Tuesdays also at 7.15 p.m. Sat. at 10.30, 11.30 a.m. and 12.30 p.m.) 2) **Museum of Antiquities of Tel Aviv-Yafo** (30 Rehov Mifratz Shlomo, Yafo) 3) **Museum of the History of Tel Aviv-Yafo** (27 Rehov Bialik) 4) **The Israel Theatre Museum,** (3 Rehov Melchett)

All Museums open: Sun.-Thurs. 9 a.m.-4 p.m. (Except Museum of History of Tel Aviv till 3 p.m.), Fri. 9 a.m.-1 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. On Saturdays admission free except Planetarium. **The Israel Theatre Museum:** Sun.-Thurs. 9 a.m.-2 p.m. Library: Sun.-Thurs. 9 a.m.-3 p.m., Fri. 8 a.m.-1 p.m.

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Haifa

The Place, 10 Heinrich Heine St., Mt. Carmel. Exhibition of drawings and etchings by Avi Zuckerman. Open daily 5-8 p.m. except Tuesday; Saturday 9-10 p.m.; Mon. and Wed. 10 a.m.-1 p.m.

Other Centres

Hazorea

Wilfred Israel Museum, Franz Bernheimer (Kiryat Tivon) Drawings. Till Jan. 21.

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HAIFA — BEITENU
Thursday, January 12, 1978 at 6.00 p.m.
Tickets available at Nova, 33/34 Herzl St., Hadar

NETANYA — OHEL SHEM
Monday, January 16, 1978 at 7.30 p.m.
Tickets available at Ohel Shem

TEL AVIV — BEIT HAROFE
Monday, January 23, 1978 at 6.00 p.m.
Tickets available at Union, 118 Dizengoff St.

— Tickets: IL2.50 —

The founding meeting of the

Israel Society of Portrait Painters and Sculptors

will be held on **Thursday, January 19 at 5 Rehov Yair Stern, Nave Amirim, Herzliya** (Buses 525, 531) at 8 p.m.

Portrait painters and sculptors are invited to bring two examples of their work, six slides or reproductions, and a curriculum vitae.

The meeting will be chaired by the artist Sandra Pepys Heidecker.

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NEW RESTAURANTS are the rage these days. Many of them manage to serve their "with-it" patrons quite edible food.

But there is still no substitute for the old tried and true establishments, as long as they keep up their standards. One such eating place is the Olympia at the corner of Rehov Carlebach and Rehov Kiryat Sefer in Tel Aviv.

My companion, an experienced Tel Aviv diner, told me that neither the decor nor the waiter had changed in 10 years. The tablecloths, on the other hand, had been changed occasionally, but not too often. Nor did the dishes seem to have been washed with excessive care.

The food, on the other hand, was excellent. I was quite pleased with my first course, a baked dish of potatoes, meat and mushrooms, showing both originality and culinary expertise. Even better was the spinach and cheese loaf ordered by my companion, which managed to be full of spinach, yet at the same time light.

We nibbled this with an assortment of olives and pickles and beautiful pale slices of fried eggplant, sprinkled with bits of spring onion. The waiter, seeing we were enjoying our talk, let us dawdle between courses.

When I finally did get around to ordering a main course, I chose roast veal. It turned out to be meat which had undergone a long braising process. This was a cruel thing to do to veal, I remarked. But upon tasting it, I was relieved to find that this was not what I would call veal at all, but rather what the Italians would identify as *vitellone* — mid-way between veal and beef.

It was in fact delicious; its rich sauce also had permeated the accompanying roast potatoes. My companion's roast lamb was not quite as good, but still altogether satisfactory.

For dessert I austerely tried the baked apple, which was satisfactory. My companion, on the other hand, went all out and had the *Oreme Bavaria,* a dish I normally disdain. In fact, the cream, served in a bowl, was rather nice, with a thick layer of shaved almonds. The Turkish coffee was good.

The bill for two, including a large draught beer, came to IL233.□

H.L.S.

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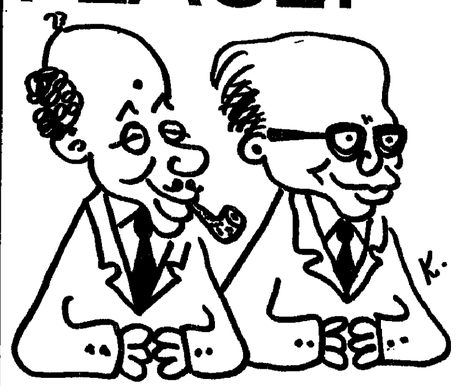

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The 'Minerva' Fellowship Foundation

The German Association for Scientific Cooperation — MINERVA — wishes to announce the availability of fellowships, provided as part of its exchange programme for German and Israeli scientists.

Eligible candidates will have a Ph.D. degree in the field of Life Sciences or in Engineering; they should attach to their application form a guarantee of re-employment on return to Israel from their Israeli employer, and a formal letter of invitation from the scientific institute in Germany at which the fellowship will be taken up.

The period of the fellowships is between 4 months and 2 years, with the possibility of a third-year extension.

In addition, the Foundation covers complete round-trip travel expenses of the scientist, provided that the period of this fellowship is not less than 6 months, and also those of his family, if the period of the fellowship is not less than 12 months.

The amount of the grant is as follows:

For the first year — 1,480 German Marks a month, plus 25.20 Marks per day:
for the second year — 1,590 German Marks a month, plus 25.20 Marks per day:
for senior scientists — 1,720 German Marks a month, plus 25.20 Marks per day.

Fellowship Grants are awarded by a Joint German-Israeli Committee, whose chairman is Prof. W. Gentner of the Max Planck Institute for Nuclear Physics. The next committee meeting for granting fellowships is scheduled for the first half of April 1978.

Application forms can be obtained at the following address:

Director's Office
The National Council for Research and Development
Kiryat Ben-Gurion, Bldg. 3
Jerusalem 91000, Tel. 02-38251, ext. 326

Application forms should be accompanied by all relevant documents requested in the forms, and should be submitted by March 5, 1978, to the address given in the application forms.

israel film archive · jerusalem

6.1, 8.00	**Taking Off** — Forman after the film a talk on Psycho-cinema by Dr. Greenberg
7.1, 7.00	**The Emigrants** — Jan Troell
9.30	**The New Land** — Jan Troell
8.1, 7.00	**L'Horloger de Saint Paul** — Tavernier
9.30	**Detutre dit-elle** — Duras
8.1, 7.00	**Ramparts dargile** — Bertucelli
9.30	**King, Queen, Knave** — Skolimowski
11.1, 4.00	**50 Steps for Jonah** — children's film
7.00	**The Garden** — Victor Nord
9.30	**India song** — Duras
During intermission — a reception for Marguerite Duras	
12.1, 7.00	**Special screening of the New Australian Cinema: The Singer and the Dancer** — Armstrong
	Love Letters from Teralba Road — Wallace
9.30	**Break of Day** — Hannam

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Leather lure

SHOP TALK
Catherine Rosenheimer

BEGED OR is out to woo the Israeli woman — admittedly after discriminating against her for years. Until recently, the firm offered her only a selection of export surplus models in their local shops and, all in all, treated her rather like a poor relation.

Now, Beged Or says it has had a change of heart. No, no, no, it hastens to deny, it is not because of a drop in exports. But it may have something to do with the fact that the N.E.P. has cancelled all export subsidies and dollar incentives, and with the fact that tourists, who previously got a 30 per cent discount on foreign currency purchases, now pay the same as local customers. (The new exchange rates are, of course, very much to the tourists' advantage, and more than compensate for the cancellation.

Beged Or prices start at around IL1,000 for a leather waistcoat, full drawstring waisted leather skirts are IL1300, "metallique" trenchcoat-style raincoats in a lightweight, rainproof synthetic cost IL1,480, blazers start at IL1,-950 and full length leather and suede coats are from IL2,880. The way things are these days, even in the scruffiest of so-called fashion boutiques, Beged Or's prices no longer sound as incredible as they once did.

The firm currently has 10 boutiques. More are planned — one is about to open at the Tel Aviv Shekem on Ibn Gvirol, giving Shekem's regular 12 per cent discount on all Beged Or models.

Antelope coat-dress topped by reversible "monkey fur" jerkin.

At a fashion show at the Kikar Atarim boutique last week, the company's new retail sales manager Ziva Telem announced the opening of the Beged Or "Celebrity Club." Membership is open to regular customers, who will be invited to special fashion showings from time to time, and asked their opinions about the new models. The club is not as snobby as it may sound: among those present were, admittedly, some very wealthy society ladies, as well as at least one minister's wife — but there were also teachers, housewives and journalists representing more average tastes and fashion budgets.

THE LIGHTWEIGHT, metallic-finish raincoats in green, gold, blue, white and (best of all) black were ideal for the local climate, where it pours with rain but is not necessarily cold. There were sweater style tops in stripes of antelope — rust combined with brown and beige — for men and women.

There were also classic blazers with slightly flared skirts, in pigskin or leather. Reaction to these proved that the style is still very popular, especially when a little waistcoat is added.

For those with a limited budget, but a love of good quality and real suede and leather, waistcoats are probably the best fashion buy this season, to combine with existing pants, skirts or shirtdresses.

There is also the Beged Or Bis range, of coordinated separates for men and women, mainly in corduroy, soft wool flannel and velvet, with the same Beged Or chic and cut in far less expensive versions. □

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Perils of nationalism

Meir Ronnen

IN KEEPING with many other Israeli-Egyptian "firsts" being chalked up these days, a Cairo artist, Abd al-Wahab Morsi, is being given an involuntary exhibition in Jerusalem of nine of his etchings. The works were purchased directly from him on behalf of the gallery by a member of the Israeli delegation to the Cairo Conference, and in fact represent this artist's entire output of etchings for 1977.

Morsi, in these and earlier works, draws on his own ancient and recent folk culture for inspiration, in a conscious attempt to give "roots" of a national character to his art. While his etchings are attractive in colour and design, they do not — indeed cannot — go beyond similar experiments made in the West and in the early days of the Bezalel School in Jerusalem. Alas, we have learned that all attempts to give art forms a literary or symbolist character have led to dead ends. Even the greatest religious painting is no longer viable as an art form for use today, having long before been carried to its nth degree and ultimate artistic conclusion.

Part of this historical development derives from the fact that representational art has had both its day and say; art today is increasingly about itself, its construction and thought processes. Not even the temporary fling of pop art and photo realism has been able to stem this tide. It may soon be the turn of abstract painting to disappear as well. In the meantime, the best of our artists try variations on these great themes, to keep them alive.

Periodically, there are impassioned cries to return to "old values" and "pure values" and, even worse, to national or national religious values. The pre-Raphaelites were one such anachronism; the "biblical" art nouveau produced at the old Bezalel School was another. So was the art and architecture produced under Hitler and Mussolini. Calls by our Minister of Education and one of his supporters, Avraham Ofek, for a return to "Jewish values" in art must, viewed against this (or indeed any other) background, appear not only anachronistic, but futile.

MORSI is a graduate of Cairo's School of Fine Arts. His art is the expected union of western techniques with local images. The technical approach is largely that of Hayter and Friedlaender while the iconography is drawn from Egyptian frieze decoration and Nubian faces and motifs, with an occasional sprinkling of forms derived from Islamic calligraphy. Much of the decoration is geometrical in character, giving it an African look. This effect is heightened by the sepia and ochre tones used with the near black printings. It does look more authentic than the sort of King David Hotel pseudo-biblical decoration we have been served here in the not-so-recent past.

If we look at the best of art in America today we may say it is identifiably American in spirit — but not necessarily in iconography; these artists did not set out to be "American." They set out to be interesting artists with something new to say in art terms. It is that something that the Morsis of Egypt and Israel are going to have to tackle if they want to move up into the First Division (Arta Gallery, 4 Akiva, Jerusalem).□

Wahab Morsi: etching (Arta Gallery, J'lem).

Bright to trite

Gil Goldfine

SHAYKEH HARDAN shows oils and watercolours, characterized by a robust brushing of thinly washed tones over denser pigment a mixed, yet noncritical choice of colour and a subject that borders on total abstraction plotted with vague suggestrons of interior spaces, garden scenes and architectural decorations.

This is Hardan's second one-man show. He has wisely included previous canvases that indicate his movement from a Miro-Klee persuasion to his current liberated lyrical markings.

In both trends, however, Hardan plays with amorphous space, creating a background of transluscent "soup" highlighted by an occasional, rigidly drawn angle, filled with floating ornaments (banisters, trellises, flower stems, hearts and arrows), checkerboard patterns and linear scribbles. His next stage would logically call for phasing out the pretty hieroglyphics and graffiti, leaving him with the task of achieving an individual non-objective style (Mabat Gallery, 31 Gordon, Tel Aviv).

A SHOW of watercolours, gouaches and oils by the late REGGIE WESTON (1909-1967) is a synopsis of many talents; generally a sensitive and thorough technique and more specifically an adroit handling of all the watercolour techniques: wet on wet, transparent washes, dry brush, scraping, blotting, and so on. Weston repeatedly reduced a stable of favourite subjects (fish, birds, flowers and seascapes) to their basic forms, stylizing them into "sweet" perfection, bordering on decorative motifs. As a correlation to this fanciful drawing he admired a full spectrum of colour, juggling splashes of brutishly pure hue with quiet grey and greenish washes. (Atelier Weston, 260 Hayarkon, Tel Aviv). Permanently on view; daily 5-10 p.m.

THE Greek mythological sphinx was an inscrutable character, a monster having the body of a lion, wings and the head and bust of a woman. LEONOR FINI reverses the sphinx's role, along with other feline configurations, and dedicates them to the glorification of the female in lavishly coloured lithographs and sharply cut etchings. Nude or costumed, they prance, pout, sit and lay in sultry poses enticing the viewer into a prurient world whose origins can be traced to French symbolists Moreau and Redon and to Austria's Klimt. Extremely liquid, sexy and over theatrical, Fini harmoniously joins line and colour in her exaltation of "womanhood." The difficulty is that her prints qualify only as visual experiences, hardly ever touching one's heart or other organs (Shamir Gallery, 24 Reiness, Tel Aviv). Till Jan. 15.

A NEW series of paintings, drawings and prints by MOSHE GAT titled "Homage to Peace" (just in time) is a collection of the most trite and contrived group of pictures assembled in one hall in a long time. Rejected, saucer eyed children, weeping fathers, terrified refugees, and melancholic, arthritic matriarchs are sprinkled, ad hoc, amidst scenes of rubble, desolation or exploding cannon. And among it all Gat presents his saviour, the messenger of God and the cavalry charge symbolically wrapped in the fluttering wings of an eternal white dove. Not only are his subjects stencilized, obviously staged and unconvincing, but they are rendered and painted with a heavy hand in a limited sombre palette. (Lim Galleries, 176 Ben Yehuda, Tel Aviv).

NOAMI SCHREIBMAN, in her first outing, exhibits paintings that indicate some confidence yet lack a basic understanding of oils and rather clumsy anatomical drawing. Her portraits of women in floppy hats and turbans, landscapes and still life are painted with a linear brush and wash and not successfully described as plastic object in space. Earth tones of umber, sienna, olive, black and white are satisfying and non-aggressive. Schreibman's canvases fluctuate between poor and pleasant and it is only a nicely rendered fruit, bottle or plant (no. 19) that saves the show from total embarrassment (Sara Kishon Gallery, Kikar Atarim, Tel Aviv).□

New prints in Haifa

Ephraim Harris

"THE ART PRINT" is not a bad show. Bitchkov's etching "A Wood" comes nearest to his clear primitivism. Lea Livni's "Landscape" (11), fantasy like all her other work, is chosen, the colour being only that of the paper. More fantasy from Kastein; for composition and contrast, "The Muses and the Wondrous Mirror." There seems to be a change in Lahav-Shaltiel's lithographs; contours have thickened ("Seated Figure 1") and three pale brown tondos (evidently symbolic of the womb) express her continual preoccupation with motherhood. Reis presents black-and-white lithographs, the abstract "Flight 4" undoubtedly the best, and also silk screens in her oil style. Silk screens also from Dan Livni, the most subdued and tasteful being "Chimneys," light blue and grey factories. Last Abuhaus presents some delightful and plentifully coloured naive etchings, for example, the bourgeois clad Jew, seated on a green hillock, and pensively contemplating the surrounding countryside (Beit Chagall, Haifa). Till Jan. 18.

HORTENSIA HARARI does impressionist oils entitled "Harbour and Sea" in two different styles. The first is more traditional, at times approaching the grand manner ("Shemen" Beach). Despite recognizing the need for dynamic composition, she does not always pull it off. More impressionistic and more interesting work, in the second style, where tiny ships and reduced structures take advantage of the space afforded by a sunny sky and sunfilled waters (National Maritime Museum, Haifa).

JUDAH PASSOW shows photographs entitled "Portrait of my Country," chiefly portraits against appropriate backgrounds, very well executed but no more than any competent photographer should be capable of doing. A rifle carrying Orthodox Jew ("Guard at Segev"), two Beduin in modern housing at Shoval, the male standing beside his Volvo de Luxe, the woman looking over her balcony, and, perhaps double edged, two happy little boys ("Russian Immigrants") in a house entrance plastered with Russian graffiti and bearing letter boxes the worse for use, might serve as propaganda.

"Black Jew, Dimona" is best, spatial, the football held in his hand completing the composition; and also a mention, from the 1973 War, for an upturned vehicle and a dead soldier nearby, the whole in a misty atmosphere — but this is part of the stock in trade of every war photographer (Abba Khoushy Community Centre, Haifa). Till Jan. 12.

AVI ZUCKERMAN shows etchings and pastels. The former are competent offshoots from the 19th century, only venturing into contemporaneity by repeating the main motif in embossed relief below (e.g. "Plate with Fish"). His leading theme is loneliness, typified by his "Self Portrait" against a black corner of the room. In spite of thematic deviations, content, etched with a thin line best reinforced by deep shading, expresses its seriousness by a consistent leitmotif. Of the pastels which are more or less tinted drawings, several are based on outside female nudes; selected, for its self-containment, the unnumbered woman at a table (The Place, Haifa).□

Beersheba wakes up Jerusalem

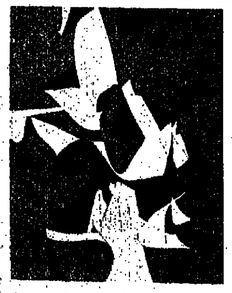
Meir Ronnen

THAT DEPRESSINGLY moribund institution, the Jerusalem Artists House, is currently enlivened by an entertaining exhibition from Beersheba, the works of some 11 teachers at the Visual Art Centre, an ambitious institute recently established by the Municipality of the Negev "Capital." It offers a wide range of activities in the visual arts including:

- A full-time art school offering a three-year curriculum in painting, sculpture, printmaking, photography, and ceramics, followed by a year of specialisation for selected graduates.
- Morning and evening extension programmes in the visual arts.
- A "one-study day" especially designed for kibbutz and moshav members at elementary, intermediate, advanced and professional levels.
- Workshops for artists.
- A gallery for national and international exhibitions arranged in conjunction with embassies, museums, galleries and the "Amanut Leam."
- Lectures, discussions with artists, film evenings and other related activities.

The Centre is run by Moroccan-born Gabriel Benjajo, an Avni Institute graduate who studied at New York's School of Visual Arts and the Pratt Institute under an American-Israel Cultural Foundation scholarship. Benjajo also participates here with some aerial drawings in pencil and some more effective and well designed abstract intaglio works evidently printed on a vacuum table.

Nearly all of the works on show are of a high professional level. Some of the world's best art teachers have not been great artists, but evidence of a lively, or original personality and/or the presence of technical ability, always helps.



Maurice Kahn: etching (J'lem Artists House).

One of the most professional here is Maurice Kahn, until 1976 senior lecturer in printmaking and textile design at the University of Durban, who shows a number of impeccable etchings that reflect both aspects of his experience. Also outstanding are the minimalist marble carvings of a veteran Beersheban, American-born Hava Mehutan, who also shows some austere collage "landscapes." Of note also, are some effective carved stone pieces by former Avni Institute teacher Shimson Merhav.

The forms of expression chosen by the teachers are happily varied. Isaac Rimmer, a recent Bezalel graduate, produces genre figure groups that combine elements of Bacon, Schwebel and Aroch. Israel Moshenson, who more recently has been working in New York, shows large painted linens that are textural abstractions and typically "American." Joyce Meyers Schmidt, a teacher from California, does tight but efficient etchings. Hanita, a sabra who taught at the Avni Institute, produces abstractions in textiles that look as though they have been drawn or painted (and also shows a paradox: a frame without a picture, in which the woolly texture of the frame area is nicely defined by the empty space it surrounds).

Raida Mishan does little "soft" landscapes made of quilting, while Shiko Katz shows an interesting concept of hard and soft cubes made of wire and string. Shimon Avny, a familiar exhibitor who also teaches at the Bezalel, shows some lively and competent abstractions with strips of painted canvas cleverly collaged into some of the compositions. By comparison, the bright colour abstractions by Moshe Agmon, a Bezalel graduate of the fifties, are stiff and unyielding. But all in all this exhibit is a nice change from the third-rate stuff that makes up most of the fare at this venue.□

Vicious circles

THE PALESTINIAN ARAB NATIONAL MOVEMENT 1929-1939: From Riots to Rebellion by Y. Porath. London, Frank Cass. 414 pp. £13.50.

Nissim Rejwan

IF NOTHING else, Dr. Porath is to be commended for sheer industry. Three years ago, *The Emergence of the Palestinian Arab National Movement* appeared and had an excellent reception in academic circles. Dealing with the period 1918-1929, the book traced the genesis and growth of the Palestinian resistance to the Zionist enterprise and the awakening of a specifically Palestinian national consciousness between the end of World War I and the riots of 1929. The book under review is now billed as Volume II of a major work on the subject.

It is a weighty book, and it covers a crucial decade. In fact, the year 1939 — with which Dr. Porath's account ends — can be considered as marking the end of an era. In that year, the Palestinian national movement as a distinctly local movement of resurgence gave way to what has since been known as the Arab-Israeli conflict. The shift came with the so-called round-table conference on Palestine held in London during the first three months of 1939. The participation of Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Yemen, Iraq and Transjordan marked the beginning of what can be termed the Pan-Arabization of the Palestine problem. It also marked the start of a vicious circle of blunders, setbacks, lost opportunities and human suffering, which has lasted for nearly four decades.

Needless to say, the main sufferers have been the Palestinians themselves, who continue to this day to be cynically exploited by all the Arab parties concerned. Indeed, the involvement of the Arab states in the Palestine talks in London was the harbinger of more than one development which was to prove detrimental to the Palestinians.

Even in the short historical perspective we now have, the founding of the Arab League in March, 1945 can be seen for the veritable disaster it was, at least for the Palestinian Arabs. For what finally cost the Palestinians the state granted them by the UN partition plan of 1947 was not the fact that they themselves took up arms to protest that plan, but the active intervention of the Arab states organized in their League.

Not that the Palestinians were quite free from blame. Dr. Porath's account is largely a sorry record of one plumber after another, of a lack of realistic and statesmanlike leaders. Towards the end of the revolt of 1936-39, which served to promote their cause in more ways than one but which also showed that they had no hope whatever of getting what they wanted through violence, the leaders of the uprising finally proved their ineptness and lack of foresight by turning to their Arab "brethren" for help — first with Britain on the diplomatic front and eventually against the Yishuv and the newborn State of Israel on the battlefield. In both cases extremism, failure and tragedy where the result.

The above cartoon is by Canadian-born Wally Fawkes, better known as Trog, whose recent cartoons, most of them for the London Daily Mail, *Observer and* Punch, *have been published by Robson Books of London at £3.25. The mantle worn by David Low and passed to the late Vicky has now firmly settled on the shoulders of Trog, who is also, by the way, a brilliant professional jazz clarinettist. M.R.*

BUT WE NOW speak from hindsight — and inevitably so. At the time, however, many observers thought the backing provided by the Arab states at the round-table conference in London was a boon for the Palestinians — as was the 1939 White Paper which provided for an independent Palestine with an Arab majority and severe limitations on Jewish immigration and land-purchase. And yet the White Paper, which is rightly considered the greatest achievement of the Palestinian Arabs since 1918, was in its turn rejected by the Arab Higher Committee.

It is true that of the Arab states, Egypt and Iraq advised the Mufti not to reject the White Paper; it is also true that, of the 10 members of the AHC only six attended the fateful meeting on May 18 at which the decision was taken to reject the British statement of policy. But it is also true that, when the decision was finally taken, all the Arab states with the single exception of Transjordan felt bound to take the same decision and sided with the Committee.

It is interesting to note, in reading this grim account of trial and error and dismal failure, that then as now the Palestinian movement contained a certain strain of socio-economic as well as political radicalization. Dr. Porath quotes a statement issued by the rebel commanders declaring that they were not subject to the Husseinis, to the Nashashibis, or to the Arab kings who were ruling by the grace of Britain; they wanted, they said, neither a truce nor a White Paper intended to grant jobs to the "effendis"; their sole aim was complete independence and their slogan was: "The English to the sea and the Jews to the graves."

As befits a scholarly historian, Dr. Porath generally refrains from making comments or expressing opinions. In an interesting short concluding chapter, however, he ventures a few thoughts of his own. According to his estimate, the revolt in the late 1930s served the Arabs of Palestine rather well in that it succeeded "in bringing about the intervention of the Arab states in the affairs of Palestine and consequently the British withdrew from a pro-Zionist policy." Again, the lesson the Arabs of Palestine could learn from the London round-table conference was that "only owing to the intervention of the Arab states in Palestine affairs had they achieved their most important political victory since the beginning of the Mandate."

However, as Dr. Porath notes, this led them to rely more on the Arab states and less on themselves. And this ultimately spelled disaster for them.□

Seven poets

Gabriel Levin

IF THERE IS anything in common among at least five of the poets under review it is that they embrace a style which tends towards the mythic. They also expose the tension between the sacred and profane as reflected in their own image as Poet.

The danger is to become too rhetorical, forcing one's point upon the reader. Yehuda Zion's poems, **Momad Enosh** (Human Dimension), privately published, do just that: his poems make statements, declarations of his sorrow, of his love and, as he tells us in his opening poem, of his significance:

> I'm significant
> On the path of significance
> With a contradicting step
> To a significant end.

Most of Zion's poems are in short stanzas with an alternating rhyme scheme which does not seem to fit the 'seriousness' of his subject matter: 'Atlas is your load so heavy/and can I carry my poems!?' His language remains inflated, self-consciously poetic.

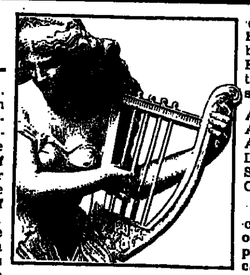
B'Nitzutz Talvanim (Glittering Colours), Traklin, is Pinchas Shaysh's second book of poems. Here again the Poet is at pains to be innovative, brash, to take on a prophetic voice. His metre, as his subject matter, is loose, varying from short two or three stress lines to long Whitmanesque expositions. Yet, as with Zion's verse, lines and stanzaic forms are structured arbitrarily. Typically, Shaysh opens a poem with some promise and considerable energy, with an exacting observation or provocative statement; yet the initial drive of the poem is rarely sustained. For example, a poem opens with the description of an illustration of plate tectonics found in an atlas; Shaysh goes on to develop the metaphor of the earth as a seething template which becomes personalized. Shaysh ends the poem in an abrupt and too easy manner, the last stanza quoting from Genesis, of God's judgement on the sixth day. The tone is ironic, contrasting the earth-as-inferno with God's satisfaction upon looking at his work, but the irony is produced at the expense of developing the poem and its thematic tensions to the end.

Chana Akaviahu's poems, **Habet El Toch HaEsh** (Look into the Fire), Eked, are carefully wrought and not without emotional breadth. She could be called a feminine poet, for as with such American counterparts as Sylvia Plath and Adrianne Rich she is almost obsessively concerned with the dual nature of womanhood: the woman as high priestess and as child-nymphet. Many of her poems deal with themes from Greek mythology (Andromeda, Psyche) and when not explicitly taking mythological motifs she infuses her verse with Biblical and Kabbalistic imagery. Akaviahu's main weakness lies in her tendency to rely on exhausted symbols, on archetypes which seem to have been extracted from a Jungian sourcebook. Her sharp contrasts in imagery — of light and darkness, of soft and hard rhythms, are done in a repetitive and formalistic fashion.

She is, however, at her best in the second half of her book where she leaves aside mythic motifs and writes in a direct confessional mode. These poems are honestly honed and convey with a keen eye a Mediterranean landscape of light and open vistas, most notably in her poem to Lorca, ending:

> Haven't doves passed here
> So very white
> They took my breath under their wings to fly
> My hands melted
> My head covered with earth
> My ears filled with dust
> Haven't doves passed here
> Their wings touched my blood
> My blood turned white.

MORE SO THAN any of the previous poets in this lot, Dudu Barak, in his first book of poems, **Ish Habasar Ish HaHalav** (Man of Meat, Man of Milk), Hakibbutz Hameuchad, aspires to a sort of baroque statelliness; his model is King David and his harp, and with thrusts of verbal energy Barak sings his excesses:



> And now the saffron
> And now the cyclamen
> And now poems that are always Like
> Saffron and like
> Cyclamen.

His themes and imagery are consistently Biblical. Like many of his predecessors he is eager to pour new wine into old skins. Occasionally Dudu Barak succeeds, as in the long poem where he traces in a fresh and unassuming way the life of a family of violin makers. Most often, however, good lines and lean and compact imagery are lost in a dazzle of verbal extravagance.

Robert Whitehill, **Orevim Humim** (Brown Crows), Eked, is an American who has been writing verse in Hebrew for the past three years. Don't let this throw you off. His fluency is admirable, and he displays a verbal dexterity which left me with the impression that he has acquired a rich feeling for the texture of the language.

Many of the poems in this first book deal with the poet's feeling of estrangement and loneliness. The landscape is often deflated, especially the portrayals of the American Midwest. The poems move between the U.S. and Israel both in subject matter and in tone, but the latter is never quite identifiable, leaving a certain slackness, an uncertainty in the poet's search for a voice of his own.

Where the previous poets are excessive, Daphna Barkai-Lemesh's verse **Chatsi Kochav** (Half A Star), Traklin, is written with moderation. She uses a short and simple measure with economy and a surface transparency which at its best leads the reader deeper into the poem's texture. Her short impressionistic poems are reminiscent of old portraits set into oval frames. The face is tarnished, composed, wide eyes stare out in disbelief. Similarly, the 'I' of these poems stares out at the world, observes time passing and the slow movements of the day. These are introverted poems where the boundary between external and internal landscape is thin: '...and the end of the path/that ends in me.' The mood is subdued melancholy, given its edge by an underlying tension:

> From within myself
> Fibres
> Reach into human wells
> I'm hanging —
> Like any bucket
> Its bottom
> Not empty.

Yehudit Shacter-Regev's book of poems, **Sonnetot Ve'od** (Sonnets And More), Hakibbutz Hameuchad, contains verse written over the past decade. Many of her poems are written in memory of friends or family members. Others describe her daily life, her home and whatever is dear to her. These are quiet lyrical pieces, which at times rely on an over-abundance of nature imagery. As with Daphna Barkai-Lemesh, these poems deal with loss and strive to be economical, yet the poems lack the compression and the tension of the former's work. □

هكذا من الأصل

Moral confusion

THIS BOOK has 531 pages of text, 188 pages of notes, 45 pages of appendices, 42 pages devoted to sources and bibliography, 33 pages of index, and a completely misleading title. It is concerned primarily with the efforts of a small number of army officers to overthrow the Nazi regime and especially to assassinate Hitler. It does include interesting material on civilians, but concentrates only on those who had contacts with the military conspirators. The individual heroism and ethical content of the German resistance is largely ignored. The brief mention of a few of the thousands of acts of resistance not directly linked with the officers' plots presents them as part of a faint, ineffectual background.

Therefore "resistance" is treated essentially as a matter of conspiracies by a small number of the military elite. For the most part these were army officers disgruntled not with the barbarities of the Nazi regime but with the damage to German power caused by the failure of the regime's policy of war and conquest. When, as Prof. Hoffmann ably shows, Hitler's moves were successful, there was little anti-Nazi talk among the officers. However, when it became clear that the war was lost, some were persuaded to join the tiny group that had for higher reasons (though not always much higher) steadfastly hoped for Hitler's overthrow. In brief, this book is *not* a history of the German resistance.

Perhaps its most significant aspect is the confused and often immoral manner in which this German author discusses the relationship of the officer corps of the German army to the Nazi regime.

Although his overall tone is of strong disapproval of the support the officers gave to the regime (it would be incorrect to say 'condemnation'), Hoffmann is all too often an apologist for the high-ranking officers who supported the dictatorship. What is even more chilling is that when he discusses the actions and motives of those few officers who opposed the dictatorship, Hoffmann often introduces a distinct note of apologetic defence, as if he feels

Von Witzleben and Gördeler on trial after the attempted assassination of Hitler.

THE HISTORY OF THE GERMAN RESISTANCE by Peter Hoffmann, translated from German by Richard Barry. The MIT Press. 847 pp., $15.

Sam Wolf

that his readers have to be convinced that the opponents of the Third Reich in the armed forces *were not traitors*.

The book was originally written (with a more accurate title) for a German readership. The apparent need for the author to show that these officers were really good Germans and the anxiety he seems to betray in presenting this point add up to a terrible and frightening comment on contemporary Germany or, at the very least, on the professor's perception of it.

WITH ELABORATE documentation the book reveals how militarism and chauvinism formed the basis of the officer corps' self-inflicted moral blindness, in which absurd notions of loyalty and the sanctity of an oath to a bloody tyrant were seen as an excuse for aiding and abetting mass murder.

The pervasive quality of this blindness was such that it even affected those who were actively planning the overthrow of the regime. Hoffmann illustrates this, his own confused moral perspective, and his anxious apologetics on behalf of the anti-Nazi officers when he writes of a group who were planning to assassinate Hitler that they did their utmost to fulfill their official duties because they were "patriotic Germans and very good soldiers..."

The author's moral confusion is also demonstrated at the beginning of the book, where he offers a defence of the officers who "remained faithful to their oath" of loyalty to Hitler. It is hypocritical to condemn or denigrate them, he says. It is wrong to blame the German officers who helped spread death across Europe and North Africa, according to Hoffmann, since what they did was out of loyalty. To this monstrous view the author adds that criticism of the anti-Hitler conspirators is *equally* wrong. In this way he suggests that the officers who supported Hitler were morally the same as those who opposed him. The horrible impudence of such an equation is staggering.

Another approach that Hoffmann uses to defend the officers who supported the regime may be called the 'respect-for-order argument,' in which order in society, regardless of its moral content, is itself raised to a high principle of morality.

The book also defends the generals by saying they had no right to judge Hitler's foreign policy and that no officer "could be expected to rebel merely on a vague feeling that Hitler was in the wrong." What Hoffmann avoids considering is that the generals, *like every other German*, had an obligation to oppose the Nazi regime because it persecuted and murdered political opponents and Jews.

THE BOOK uses the generals' alleged moral blindness as a defence against the accusation made at the Nuremberg war crimes trials that they failed to use their troops to overthrow the regime or at least failed to disobey it. Hoffmann rejects this accusation on the grounds that the officers did not think there was a clear legal and moral conflict between the regime and the army. Again the author degrades a moral principle into a question of individual perception. The guilt of the officers does not depend on what *they thought* about the Nazi regime.

It would be unfair, however, to suggest that Hoffmann maintains an unvaried position of apology for the generals. There are many places in which he quite clearly contradicts his own arguments.

An important part of the book describes what a number of army officers actually did during the Third Reich. The focus is on the army because it was there that active plots to get rid of Hitler developed. The author is mainly concerned with the top ranks of the officer corps. While the description is well detailed (and amply documented in notes of particular interest to the scholar), there is no overall analysis to show, for example, what proportion of officers engaged in anti-Hitler plots and what was their degree of involvement. □

Folksy shrink

YOUR ERRONEOUS ZONES by Dr. Wayne W. Dyer. New York, Avon, 254 pp. $1.50.

Lesley Hazelton

DYER is a great salesman. His book was on the best-seller list in the U.S. for over a year. He chose a title with tempting associations — yet the pun is simply a sales gimmick. And he has an overweening (and apparently justified) faith in his personal powers of persuasion; both he and his publishers saw fit to run his technicoloured, clear-eyed, perfect-toothed photograph not only over the whole of the front cover, but over the whole of the back cover. The lighting in the photograph is from behind, giving the man a halo.

Yet I would rather buy a second-hand car from Richard M. Nixon than from Dr. Wayne W. Dyer. For this book is a ghastly example of what happens when you combine the advertising hard-sell with pop do-it-yourself psychology.

"Elimination" is one of Dyer's key words. You just have to eliminate your erroneous zones, which are "a kind of self-destructive behaviour." He uses the word so much that one suspects he has an anal fixation.

"Clear" is another key word. Everything, but everything, becomes crystal clear once you start looking at things his way.

His language is full of folksy "friendly neighborhood shrink" coinages. Eliminate that "nothingism," for example, and you have "the ultimate weapon against the big N.B.D. Yep — Nervous Break Down."

If you can stand any more of this, Dyer's main thesis is that each kind of erroneous zone has its own system of payoffs, each with certain reasons: "Eliminate these reasons," he says, "and you'll eradicate your erroneous zones."

OTHER MESSAGES attack some of the most important values of human society: justice, for instance. If you can do nothing to rectify an unjust situation, says Dyer, ignore it.

In the chapter entitled "The Justice Trap," we have "Some typical 'demand for justice' behaviours" (13 of them), followed by "Some of the psychological payoffs for hanging on to your 'demands for justice'" (only 9 of these), and then the grand finale — "Some strategies for giving up on the futile insistence on justice" (11 of these).

Okay. Let's play it Dyer's way. Ready to eliminate this particular erroneous zone? Here goes:

Some of the payoffs for buying *Your Erroneous Zones:*

- It's cheaper than going to a shrink.
- You can persuade yourself you're doing something about your life.
- It's nice to think everything's clear and you're in control.
- You think if you read the book you'll be as successful as Dyer (though you'd better get his agent's address too).
- You're hooked on pop psychology, just like others are hooked on sci fi.
- You can leave it lying around and then play Dyer on your friends and family. □

Eternal geometry

THE DISCORDANT sense of other people, other rooms, but precisely the same tricks is so overpowering that for the first five or six pages of this latest Weldon novel the reader is more pricked by *déjà vu* than by the unfolding story. In manner it is a dead ringer for Dylan Thomas's *Under Milk Wood*, and indeed *Remember Me* would make a splendid radio play. Even its descriptive passages translate easily into dialogue, and the counterpoint of voices — what is said and what is meant — could produce a rousing chorus of vocal effects. Round this out with characters who just miss being caricatures and you have material for two years of classic soap opera.

Which is not at all what Ms. Weldon intends. She is, I think, a serious novelist with a gift for biting comedy and a keen eye for the passing scene. The unashamed banalities of the love-triangle are relieved by a dash of spite and the introduction of a fourth party, who stretches the triangle into a square and appends a geometric figure of her own, thus creating that logical impossibility, the squared circle. Or Ms. Weldon may in fact be saying that we are all squares, rushing round and round, ruthlessly trying to get ahead of the one in front.

She certainly manages admirably to show that we are victims. Even Lily, the little blonde b-i-t-c-h who dispossesses the architect's wife, moves into his house, supervises his divorce, marries him, and six or seven months later becomes the mother of his son. Jarvis, the architect, though in possession of this fine, pale, 28-year-old charmer, is not, however, in possession of himself and often wonders whether rejuvenation of desire and appearance compensates for the stricken condition of his business and conscience.

Nor is the male offspring of the union, although still a toddler, allowed to escape fortune's darts. He suffers from unrequited love for his mother, and for a harried moment in the course of the novel we fear that, in his frenzy to capture her attention, he may have succeeded in killing himself.

THAT LITTLE JONATHAN does not die is no fault of Madeleine, the architect's first wife, who would like to consign the whole architectural family to the devil. One sympathizes with her. She lives with her 14-year-old

REMEMBER ME by Fay Weldon. New York, Ballantine Books. 233 pp. $1.95.

ENDS AND MEANS by Stanley Middleton. London, Hutchinson. 255 pp. £4.50.

Evelyn Strouse

daughter Hilary in a basement flat whose kitchen cupboards contain mainly carbohydrates bought because they are cheap but guaranteed to maintain Hilary's weight at an unsightly 154 pounds.

The intruder into the triangle, the distorting fourth, inserter of the kibbitzing fifth, is Margot, the doctor's wife, plain, plump, and put-upon. Although she is the very picture of motherliness and housewifeliness, the outsize quality of these comfortable virtues threatens to push them out of their frame. Madeleine makes a pact with Margot, binding her to guardianship of Hilary should she, Madeleine, unseasonably die.

From this moment, the plot sickens. All kinds of subconscious guilts surface to nag the psyches of the protagonists. Identities waver, confidence falters, ingrained habits slip their grooves, and even sex takes on a double meaning. Come to think of it, sex is the rocket that originally sets the book on course and plunges the characters off it. But, as vaccination proves, surfeit of a germ is its antidote, and in the end sex straightens everybody out, save one. Perhaps that one might be considered the fertilizing element, the sexual assistant.

FAY WELDON is an intelligent writer, amusing, perceptive, stylish, yet seriously flawed. The coyly arranged narrative, the semiotic refrains to demonstrate that Judy O'Grady and the colonel's lady are sisters under the skin, the flirtations with psychology, are often disturbing, but misanthropy is a greater blight.

Ms. Weldon seems hostile to all her characters, with the possible exception of Hilary, damned only by her fat. Men she scorns utterly, but she doesn't seem to have found many admirable women, either.

It is, on the other hand, reasonable to suspect that she strikes this attitude toward her creations in order to generate not only reader interest but identification; she has instilled life in these people, and enough pain for us to wish that she'd get off their backs, give them a chance. Which is indeed what she does. A happy ending lurks in the wings, and the metamorphosis of these ugly creatures into other-loving human beings, while not quite believable, is, on the whole, gratifying.

NONE OF THIS, however, applies to Stanley Middleton. Habitués of his novelistic salon seem to cherish its charms, but this particular corner of it, *Ends and Means*, is a mess. You are lured into it by the enigmatic opening sentences: Who is this man, you wonder; where is this leafy village? What is the point of the hurtling cab, the snatches of Beethoven, the sudden brilliance of lights? But your curiosity, so neatly tickled, is not to be satisfied.

Oh yes, the man has a name, is in fact the chief protagonist, but he is no more a person than is somebody picked from the telephone directory; and his wife, his mistresses, his children, the book he is writing, seem to have been lifted lifelessly from the card index that Mr. Middleton surely keeps handy to his typewriter.

THE REST of the extremely professional introduction is left like a participle dangling on the compound sentence of the book. As a matter of fact, Mr. Middleton has no time to return to it. The number of breakfasts, lunches, dinners, ponies of brandy, cups of coffee, trips to market, housecleanings, fetching of food from the kitchen to wherever there is a waiting mouth, even detailed washings-up, consume (no pun) at least a hundred pages.

For another hundred or so the unarticulated members of the cast must go to London or to an illicit bed, must die or attempt suicide, and must exchange undistinguished notions about Love. In between, one gets news of the weather and views of faces, forgotten as soon as described.

It is perhaps supernumerary to note that everyone speaks with the same voice, in the same idiom, interminable dialogues to keep episodes from following too closely on each other's heels. In fact, all that recommends this very bad book is the praise on the back flap of the one that preceded it. Mr. Middleton has written 16 other novels, one of which shared the Booker Prize; 17 may be his unlucky number. □

TO THE PUBLIC!

Registered with the Ministry of the Interior, there now exists in Israel a branch of the "Mensa International" society called "Mensa Israel," whose address is P.O.B. 166, Raanana.

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Hons and Reds

JESSICA MITFORD, one of the six daughters of Lord and Lady Redesdale, evolved from grumpy debutante to militant Communist, publicist, and successful writer. This book tells us how she did it and what it felt like.

Unswervingly left-wing, she broke away from home right before World War II and found a job in the Washington Office of Price Administration under the New Deal. There she met her fate in the person of Bob Treuhaft, the son of Hungarian Jewish immigrants. He married her and they then embarked on a busy, bohemian and apparently very happy existence, first in the San Francisco boarding-house of one Mrs. Tibbs, who suffered from bladder trouble due, she insisted, to her husband's strange sexual proclivities. Quoth Bob: "In a fit of depravity, he filled the wrong cavity." Obviously Bob was the ideal husband for the irreverent Decca Mitford.

For the next 20 years or so, Bob and Decca lived, worked, ate and slept the Party and brought up their two children to fit in with this life-style. They both rose to responsible positions and ran considerable risks during the McCarthy era. Decca was particularly active in the Civil Rights Congress, and seems genuinely to

The Hon. Jessica and Bob Treuhaft at the time of their wedding.

A FINE OLD CONFLICT by Jessica Mitford. London, Michael Joseph, 270 pp., £5.95.

Aviva Even-Paz

have no class, colour or religious prejudices whatsoever.

When the CRC wanted to open up a very exclusive white neighbourhood in Oakland to blacks, Jessica went along as a supposed rich English aunt helping a nice young white couple to buy a house. The seller and the neighbours only found out who the real buyers were on the day of the move. Decca triumphantly records as an obvious cause for rejoicing that this area is now almost completely inhabited by middle-class blacks.

MEANWHILE, her sister, the Duchess, was the sort who would send her a Christmas card with a photograph of herself and her husband dressed in their ducal robes as for a coronation, garlanded with orders, chains and jewels, staring stonily ahead. Under the photo she had written, "Andrew and me being active."

Out of a job when the CRC disbanded and the FBI was fingering her to prospective employers, Jessica turned to writing. Her first essay, a satire on Communist jargon, was a roaring success and Jessica never looked back. She produced *Hons and Rebels*, the story of her childhood and early youth, and *The American Way of Death*, an expose of the American funeral racket, among other works. She swiftly became a celebrity. By this time she and Bob had left the Party. They had become increasingly fed up with its rigid dogma and obvious impotence. The crowning blow was the Hungarian uprising.

This is a fascinating, intensely readable book, choc-a-bloc with good stories, funny, moving and human. It left me feeling that it would be nice to know the Treuhafts personally. □

Police blotter

THE INVESTIGATION by Dorothy Uhnak. New York, Simon and Schuster, 283pp. $7.95.

CRIME doesn't pay, but do criminals pay for their crime? Not always. And this detective story, with New York police, politicians and mafioso all linked by chance in a double murder, shows who, aside from the victim, may pay for a crime, guilty or not.

Two children kidnapped from their home in Queens are found dead nearby. Immediately their beautiful young mother and older bar-owner father are suspected, for cops know statistically most murderers are found right in the home of the victim, usually helping make funeral plans. Why should this case be different? In fact, the district attorney, hoping to run for mayor on his crime-busting record, wants a quick prosecution, grudgingly agreed to by the officer in charge, his political opponent.

But in steps good old Joe, who, like Joseph Wambaugh's *The Blue Knight*, has ulcers, swallows pain killers and is on the verge of retiring. He believes the accused mother is innocent. "Book dumb, reality smart," he sidesteps his ambitious intellectual superiors and on his own time painstakingly uncovers the clues. Risking his job he also gets sentimentally involved with the mother, who herself is up to her ears in emotional and business ties with the Mafia.

Victims of the investigation fall right and left by shooting, suicide and political ruination, as the reader is lured on and on, wondering who among those who pay for the crime actually perpetrated it. Only the author's nimble, professional dissection of rigid codes, vanities and complex loyalties of crooks makes credible the strange end. Dorothy Uhnak, former police officer, is also author of *The Policewoman*, which she wrote while still a detective. □

Jennie Tarabulus

هكذا من الأصل

JOLLY HOCKEY STICKS

WITH PREJUDICE
Alex Berlyne

WHEN I HEARD that Yitzhak Graziani was busily reconstituting the Egyptian national anthem, prior to President Sadat's visit, I was afraid the maestro might inadvertently come up with an arrangement of *Salaam Maliki* – Salute to the King – instead of the current anthem.

Members of H.M. Forces used to sing an awful parody of this royalist anthem, replete with impossible advice for King Farouk and Queen Farida; it probably did a great deal to inflame anti-British sentiment in Egypt.

A kindergarten in Rehavia specializes in another highly inappropriate anthem. When the tots were being presented with their certificates at the end of the year, a piano-accordionist accompanied the ceremony with Elgar's *Land of Hope and Glory*. This magnificent hymn, with its imperialist sentiments, was long ago pinched by the Tory Party ("Listen, Margaret, they're playing our tune"), so I asked the sabra accordionist why she considered it suitable to commemorate the successful conclusion of a course in plasticine studies.

"Oh, I once heard it played in a school assembly scene in a picture with Ann Todd," she explained.

Well, yes, it was sung at our school, too, though we thought it was called *Land of Open Glory*. The school repertoire also included *For all the saints Who from their neighbours rest* and that old-time favourite, *Oh guard our rope in ages past*.

The Jewish boys didn't take part in school services, which was just as well, for we were thoroughly confused by hymns like Kipling's *Recessional*, with its mysterious references to "Such boastings as the Gentiles use, or lesser breeds without the Law." The rest of the school was equally perplexed however, remaining in complete ignorance of theological terms like "Paraclete," so that Neale's translation of *Veni, sancte Spiritus* was invariably rendered as *Come, Thou Holy Parakeet*.

The whole subject was impenetrably obscure and frequently comical. Graham Robertson has written somewhere about the cards announcing the hymns of the day, which were displayed at Eton. These invariably gave the names of the composers as well, but omitted all punctuation, so that the boys were vastly entertained by statements such as *Wash Me Thoroughly Joseph Barnby*.

WINSTON CHURCHILL derived considerable inspiration from school songs. After attending a ceremony at Harrow during World War II, he told his son Randolph that he could remember singing the same songs 50 years before "and wondering with intensity how I could ever do something glorious for my country."

I suppose it depended on the songs – and on the school. A friend recently performed for me a spirited, word-perfect rendition of his school's anthem: "Kill! Kill! We come to Kill!/ Burn! Burn! We come to burn!/ K-I-L-B-U-R-N! Kilburn!

As far as I can recall, we didn't have a school song at the Dotheboys Hall which I attended. The nearest we got to one was a chant which went something like this: "Up in the mountains,/ Lying on the grass, I saw a Chinaman, Sliding on his/ Ask no questions,/ Tell no lies/ I saw a Chinaman/ Doing up his/ Flies are a nuisance/ Flies are a pest,/ I saw a Chinaman/ Putting on his vest."

ACCORDING TO an anthology published some years ago by Gavin Ewart, school songs often made little sense and were puzzling in the extreme. Harrow boys, for instance, though frequently beaten for their shortcomings in grammar, were nevertheless encouraged to sing a verse recalling heroes of the past: "For all of we, whoever we be,/Come short of the lions of old, you see."

Uppingham School, where rugger is all the rage, has a song referring to the game: "See the madness surge and rise,/ Toes twice sixty kick the skies." This doesn't add up in terms of school rugger. There simply aren't enough toes in the song to go round. Only in professional Rugby League, which cannot apply here, can the arithmetic be partially reconciled. Perhaps Uppingham caters for those visitors from Outer Space we read so much about nowadays.

The prize piece of Ewart's collection is undoubtedly Haileybury's Officers' Training Corps song, written by headmaster Sunderland Lewis, which conjures up unimaginably jolly japes:

"Think of lying under canvas/ On a downy palliasse/ With no end of pally asses near."

CELIA HADDON has just published *Great Days and Jolly Days* (Hodder & Stoughton, £3.50), the story of girls' school songs, recapturing with just the right mixture of humour and nostalgia the authentic jolly-hockey-sticks flavour; Arthur Marshall and Joyce Grenfell have sent up the dorm-feed aesthetic for years, but they've never been as funny as the real thing. Take, for instance, this rousing hymn which flourished between the wars: "Of Bedford High School's fame we hear,/ Of Cheltenham's School, a big one;/ But what of them? Today we greet/ The Girls' High School of Wigan."

What of them, indeed.

Reading's Kendrick School song has a resounding chorus: "Floreat Kendricka! Floreat Kendricka! Floreat Kendricka!" You'd think they'd go easy on that florent stuff; after all, Neville Coghill once described a school founded by two very old schoolmistresses in the 1920's. It was forced to close in the middle of the second term when five of the prefects were found to be pregnant by the bootboy.

THE SONGS are full of outmoded sentiments: "disciplined fervour," "patience and pluck," "effort" and "duty." It's easy to laugh at them, but perhaps they are overdue for a revival.

Despite the all-pervading air of silliness ("Sunny and Straight and Steady/Is the motto of our School"), pains were taken to inculcate standards of public honesty, politeness and respect for the law. The embodiment of these values in the songs, however, can border on the ludicrous. Horley's Kingsley School had one set to the tune of "If you're anxious for the shine," from Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience*: "Whether she was first or last or not, she tried quite hard we see;/Well, what a very conscientious type of girl, The Kingsley girl must be!"

This remorseless high-mindedness comes through loud and clear in the song of the Pontefract and District High School: "But one day we must leave it/ And 'mid the world's stern strife/ We'll know another teacher,/ The great Headmistress Life."

The same overpowering sense of unworldliness is easily recognizable in Jonathan Gathorne-Hardy's story about the headmistress of King Edward's School for Girls, Birmingham. She smiled at a man she passed on a bus and then apologized to him. "I'm so sorry," she told the startled passenger," I thought for the moment you were the father of one of my children."

THE KING EDWARD'S girls sing a hymn to their alma mater which refers to "a school whose *sons* have made her/Great and famous round the globe." This is by no means unusual. Many girls' schools have taken Harrow's *Forty Years On* as their anthem despite its references to "the tramp of the twenty-two *men*," and the Queen Elizabeth Grammar School for Girls, Mansfield, praises its netball team as "seven good *men* and true."

At first sight it's enough to make a feminist weep. Actually, it is part of that curious blurring of the division between the sexes which is a feature of British education from the Twenties onwards.

Eton-cropped girls appeared on the schools' playing-fields, wielding a variety of hockey-sticks, tennis racquets, and cricket bats. They sported boyish nicknames and even referred to each other as chaps. John Betjeman's lines, "You will protect me, my silken Myfanwy,/ Ringleader, tom-boy and chum to the weak," wistfully recall this curious ambivalence.

The litter of a study, described in an Angela Brazil story as "a pile of books, a chest expander and a hockey stick," evokes this cult of the games mistress. Wycombe Abbey had a cricket song ("How's that for leg before") and Westfield College girls sang an unforgettable hymn, "Oh, give me my pads and my bulger,/ And give me my short hockey skirt," which absolutely reeks of a sort of desperate muscular jollity.

Celia Haddon explains that a bulger was a poetic name for a hockey stick "and not some sort of protective undergarment."

CONVENT SCHOOLS took all the usual traditions and simply Catholicized them. Honour and Purity were the watchwords, and there were hosts of female saints to be looked up to. The corollary was that an excessive prudishness became the rule and, till quite recently, many convent schools insisted on the girls taking a bath in a voluminous white shift so that they could not see their own nakedness.

The motto of St. Joseph's, Abbey Wood, *"Potius Mori Quam Foedari"* (Death Rather Than Dishonour), is typical. Sister Mary Dominic, the nun who wrote the school song on this theme, explained that when an ermine is hunted towards marshy ground "it will turn to face death rather than soil its white coat."

Sure and it's a grand thing, is faith.

There's a story about two teaching nuns who used to ferry the smaller children to and from the convent in a little Morris car. One day they ran out of petrol and found that the only vessel available for fetching some from a nearby garage was a plastic potty which they carried for their small charges. The sisters were pouring the fuel from the potty into the tank when another car passed. The driver turned to his passenger in amazement.

"Get a load of that," he told him. "You have to give them credit — they certainly do have faith." □

Hanna Marron as Jenny, Avraham Ben-Yosef as her lover, with "daughters" Gaby Aldor and Tiki Dayan.

THE SWINGING GRANDMOTHER

THEATRE
Mendel Kohansky

THE QUESTION *"What are we going to do about Jenny?"* is not a question at all, but the title of a comedy just opened at the Cameri. But if I were asked that question, my reply would be: "Send her back where she came from, to her creator Donald Wilde, who, according to information supplied in the programme brochure, lives in a suburb of New York with his wife, three children and five pythons."

The comedy, I have been informed by less reliable sources, has never been produced anywhere else. Thus the event I witnessed last Sunday evening, the first of January (and a pretty sad way it was to start the New Year), had the distinction of a world premiere.

I can think of only one reason for the Cameri management to choose this play: the fact that it supplies a big juicy part for an aging actress, or, in the case of Hanna Marron, an actress capable of playing the part of an aging woman. If the play has any other merits, Mr. Wilde and director Hy Kalus did their best to hide them from this writer, though not from much of the audience, which laughed heartily at some of the godawful jokes. I walked out of the theatre with the suspicion that with all that hilarity, and Hanna Marron at her ... shall I say most exuberant ... the Cameri has a hit on its hands to rival the bonanza of the Kishon play over at Habimah.

NOW THEN, what about Jenny? The lady of the title has recently turned 70, which is the big joke of the play. (Old age, as everyone knows, is *very* funny.) Widowed about a year ago, Jenny decides to live it up a little, after 47 years of highly respectable married life. She guzzles champagne from early in the morning. She takes up painting nudes, women with three breasts, a policeman wearing nothing but his badge (and guess where?). She brings home a rock band, three life-sized, bearded, hash-smoking musicians who bang out a song entitled *Jenny* while the heroine sings along, literally to beat the band.

She acquires a boyfriend, a 75-year-old defrocked stockbroker who cheerfully takes part in all of Jenny's foolishness. The two give the author a chance to unload all sort of jokes about sex after 70 (Jenny thank God does not have to suffer the side effect of the pill; Mr. Frankfurter, though, has to take a nitroglycerine tablet for his heart, before or after, I forgot). And, evidently not fully content with the performance of her septuagenarian boyfriend, Jenny drives around with a bumper sticker saying "Honk if you want sex."

Jenny is surrounded by a variety of characters, though the way Hanna Marron plays the part, no one else is needed on the stage. There is her sister-in-law, 72-year-old Eudora (pronounced by Jenny and everybody else Oh-dorah), played by Edna Fliedel, who's just as exuberant as the star, getting a big laugh each time she misses the seat of her chair and lands on the floor.

In contrast to Jenny, Eudora does behave as a lady of her age should. Her favourite topics of conversation are her ailments and the morning's obituary column, though with her, too, sex rears its ugly head; she walks into Jenny's house embarrassed because in the bus a man was staring at her breasts.

THEN THERE are Jenny's two daughters. Ellen, a 35-year-old divorced fashion editor, is played by Gaby Aldor with a frozen tight-lipped expression and the stiff gait of an old-fashioned schoolmistress. Her 30-year-old pregnant sister Charlotte is played, in a bit of ultimate typecasting, by Tiki Dayan. And let us not forget Avraham Ben-Yosef, who plays the aging lover with visible embarrassment — especially when we first meet him, as he sashays onstage in a revealing mini-kimono and an outsized red-and-gold sombrero, singing *La Cucaracha* and shaking a pair of maracas.

THE PLOT revolves around Ellen's efforts to get her mother to stop all that foolishness, and start acting her age. To this end she arranges a visit by a gerontologist, her boyfriend Tom Seaman, to talk sense into the old lady's head. The handsome, 42-year-old Tom, played by Ilan Dar, mouths all the banalities expected of him, whereupon Jenny offers him a glass of champagne, and the two wind up on the sofa necking.

Ellen does not give up. Aided by the fact that Mr. Frankfurter has invested Jenny's money so successfully that she is penniless, just before creeping out of the house under cover of darkness, she makes Jenny sell the house and move in with her. The plan is frustrated by Jenny's intransigence in the last minute. And as the play is mercifully coming to an end, with everybody onstage, even Mr. Frankfurter, who sneaked in from wherever he was hiding, Jenny is still going strong, evidently determined to pursue her merry ways.

The play was translated into basic Hebrew by David Avidan, and Joe Karl designed the set, a large, lavish living room in Jenny's suburban home, complete with the triple breasted nudes and other samples of Jenny's art covering the walls. □

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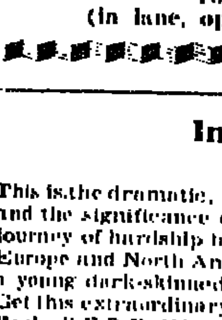
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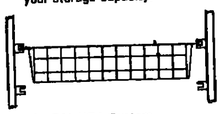

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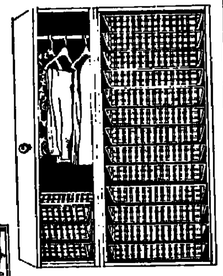

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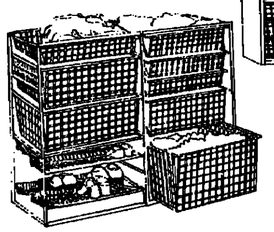

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THE HEBREW UNIVERSITY OF JERUSALEM
Office of Overseas Students Admissions
announces

REGISTRATION FOR THE ACADEMIC YEAR 1978/79

Registration has begun for all programmes of study at the Hebrew University. Registration will close on Friday, February 24, 1978 for candidates for first year undergraduate programmes.

The following candidates will make application to the Overseas Admission Office, in writing (P.O.B. 24100, Jerusalem) or in person (Goldsmith Building, Room 531, Mt. Scopus, Jerusalem: buses 9, 26):

- ★ Graduates of high schools abroad
- ★ Students participating in a preparatory programme *(mechina)* for new immigrants, at a university in Israel
- ★ New immigrants who are planning to take the Israel Matriculation examinations for new immigrants
- ★ Candidates for advanced programmes, who have completed their undergraduate studies abroad.

Other candidates who have completed their high school studies abroad but who are now studying and intend to complete one full year of studies at a university in Israel, make application to the following office.

Admissions Office, Planetarium Bldg., Givat Ram, Jerusalem.

Tours of the Weizmann Institute of Science and The Weizmann House, Rehovot

You are invited to participate in a tour of the WEIZMANN INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE and the newly opened WEIZMANN HOUSE, residence of Dr. Chaim Weizmann, First President of the State of Israel.
Such tours, lasting approximately 1½ hours, take place at the following times: 8:00, 10:00, 11:00, 12 noon, 14:00, 15:00. On Friday and the eve of holidays the last tour will begin at 12 noon.
There is a nominal fee for admission to Weizmann House.
Please book in advance by contacting the Visitors' Section of Yad Weizmann, Tel. (03) 834960

THE WEIZMANN INSTITUTE AND THE WEIZMANN HOUSE WILL BE CLOSED ON THE SABBATH AND ON HOLIDAYS.

Dress rehearsal

Ephraim Kishon

"EPHRAIM," the little woman called out from the bedroom, "I'm nearly ready."

The time was 9.30 p.m., Saturday, December 31. The wife had been standing in front of the wardrobe since dusk, getting ready for a New Year's party at Tibi's. I reminded her that we'd promised Tibi to be there at 10, but the little one said it was all right to come 15 minutes late, everyone did, parties were always dull at first anyhow, they took time to warm up.

"All I have is old rags," the little one concluded sadly. "I've nothing to wear."

She says this every time we go out, even though her wardrobe is bursting with clothes. The idea behind the nothing-to-wear remark is to make me doubt my adequacy as a provider, and to undermine my self-confidence in general. Personally I don't know one dress from another, I think they're all terrible, and yet I'm always called upon to help her choose which one to wear.

"It's either the plain black," the little one muses aloud, "or the blue with the slit."

"That's it," I say, "with the slit."

"It's too dressy, though. How about the chemise?"

"Yes," I say. "That sounds fine."

What the hell *is* a chemise anyway? I zip her up and go to the bathroom to shave, while she looks for another pair of nylons to go with the chemise thing. In the end she finds one that's the right colour, but it has no mate. It's an axiom: the best stockings are always single. It follows that she can't wear the chemise but must look for another rag to go with the pearls she received for her birthday from her husband's wife.

I have already put on my good pants, but the wife is still debating the question: pearls or silver brooch? The pearls are nicer, but the brooch is more intriguing. It'll be a miracle if we make it by 11. I start reading the dailies. The wife is looking for a belt to go with the brooch, but gives up in despair because she has no handbag to go with her new chamois coat. I start writing some letters, a short story, a sketch.

"I'll be ready in a jiffy," the wife calls from the bedroom. "Come and do up my zipper."

WHAT DO ALL those divorcees do whose husbands have escaped in good time? Who zips them up? They probably don't go to New Year parties. Neither will we. The woman ties a little plastic cape round her neck and starts on her make-up. That's to say — not the make-up proper yet, only the foundation-laying. Meanwhile her eyes search for shoes to go with the bag. The beige pair is at the cobbler's, the black ones with the high heels are divine but you can't move a step in them, the low heels you *can* move in but they're low...

"Eleven o'clock," I announce. "I'm giving you five minutes. If you're not ready by then I'll go alone!"

"I'll be ready," she calls from the bedroom. "And you can't do the twist anyway."

She removes the little plastic cape because she's decided to go in the plain black dress after all. But where are the nylons to go with it? Where are her dark nylons? Eleven-thirty. I resort to a trick: I get up, walk with heavy tread to the door, shout a furious goodbye, slam the door on the inside — and stand still in the passage holding my breath.

Silence.

I suppose she's cracking, the little one is. Good. Treat 'em rough, I say. Like Nietzsche with his whip.

Five minutes pass in absolute silence. It'll be awkward if I have to spend the rest of my life in a dark passage. Maybe something has happened to her.

"Ephraim," the wife calls. "Come and do up my zipper!"

She is back in the chemise. (The plain black has bust a seam.) She's changed nylons as well, and is in a quandary about the pearls.

"Make yourself useful, can't you," she says. "Help me. What do you suggest?"

I suggest we go to bed and have a good night's sleep. I, for one, am changing into my pyjamas.

"Don't be silly," the little one says crossly. "I'll be ready in 10 minutes."

TWELVE O'CLOCK. Church-bells are ringing in the new year. Good night. I turn over and go to sleep. The last thing I see is my wife in the plastic cape, doing her eyebrows. I loathe that plastic cape the way no plastic cape was ever loathed before. I sleep, and dream I'm Charles Laughton chopping off the heads of all my six wives. I mean his, Henry the Eighth's wives. All six of them keep changing their nylons on the way to the scaffold. One of them is doing her nails.

I sleep on soundly for an hour and a bit, and wake up next year. The wife is in front of the mirror in the blue dress with the slit, painting her eyebrows with a burnt match. She's mad. I've married a madwoman.

I glance at my watch: one-fifteen. A horrible thought flashes through my mind: I'm in hell! I'm in a hell like in Sartre's *No Exit*, where the sinner's worst punishment is to be shut in a room with a woman who keeps dressing-dressing-dressing — *for ever!*

I'm beginning to feel a bit scared of her. Just now she's transferring the entire contents of her big black handbag to her small black handbag. She's almost dressed already — wait! — except for her hairdo. The great question is: swept down over her forehead or up and back? Down or up? Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town. Shall it be up, or shall it be down?

"I'll be ready in a jiffy," she tells me. "Get up!"

"Think there's any point going still?"

She's a bit annoyed with me, I know, because I am so impatient. The little plastic cape is on the floor by the bed. Quietly, I stick out a foot, fish it up with my toes, and sneak off to the kitchen, where I burn the horror with my own hands. I put it in the sink and set a match to it and watch it burn like Nero's Rome.

I return to the bedroom and find the little one before the mirror in a near-finished state. I zip up the back of the plain black dress and start dressing myself, barely able to keep my eyes open, when — oops!

A ladder!

I can just see it from behind. She has a ladder — in her left stocking. Oh my God! Because as the proverb says: Plus ça change le nylon, she'll bloody plus change her whole outfit again. Please God, let her not discover the ladder.

I TIPTOE away to the study and sit down at my desk.

"Don't waste time now," the wife calls out from the bedroom. "What are you doing there?"

"I'm writing a movie-script."

"But I'm nearly ready!"

"Yeah..."

I'm getting into my stride. There's this great artist — painter, musician, humourist, whatever — a man of vast promise who gets bogged down somehow and fails to make it. And why? Because of a woman, ladies and gentlemen, a woman. A burden. A cross. I write effortlessly, ideas just flow from my pen. The artist realizes his plight and resolves to cut himself loose from the woman, the burden, the cross. One sleepless night he says to himself, "Boy, it's now or never, so grab your pants and get the hell out of here!"

Holy smoke!

The wife is in the bathroom *washing her face*. Two. It's two o'clock. She feels that the colour of her eyelashes is a shade vulgar and wants to put on new make-up. For that a person must wash her face and start from scratch — foundation, powder, the lot. Despair grips me. I go to the wardrobe, pick a strong necktie and fasten it to the curtain-rod. Enough!

"Stop it," she says, "and come do my zipper. So what are you whining for now?"

What am I whining for? Hell, do I know what I'm whining for at 2.30 in the morning, dressed in a clean white shirt, a dark jacket and striped pyjama pants, while my wife sprays her hair with one hand and fumbles in a drawer for gloves with the other? Gloves. Did I say gloves? It's hard to believe, but it really looks as if we've come to the end of the road. A flicker of hope lights up my darkness. So my suffering hasn't been in vain after all. *She is actually ready.* In a moment we shall go out and have fun. Bursting with energy, the little one transfers the contents of her small black handbag to her big black handbag and takes off the pearls. Everything is becoming a bit hazy. Dawn is breaking, the church bells ring one-two-three. Happy New Year. The little one says cheer up, and why haven't I shaved?

"I have," I whisper. "Once upon a time when you started dressing — I shaved."

I go to the bathroom and shave again. I have aged in the last few hours. The face of a haggard old man is looking out at me from the mirror — the face of a man who has known torture — the face of a husband.

"Why do I always have to wait for you?" the wife demands from the bedroom. While waiting, she looks for a hat because her hair hasn't come out right. Now. A last glance in the mirror, a last dab at her cheeks, a light brush of powder...Right...Who knows, maybe there's still some brandy left at Tibi's ...Are we going?...Yes, let's go.

The door opens. Impossible! We're off! We're off to the party!

"Wait!" The wife stops, thunderstruck. "I've got a ladder in my stocking."

Here, at this point, right on my own doorstep, the Great Zipper finally caught up with me. The rest is silence. □

Translated by Miriam Arad
By arrangement with Ma'ariv

THE JERUSALEM POST 30 YEARS AGO

THE PALESTINE POST

JERUSALEM, December 29, 1947 — January 4, 1948

THIS FEATURE IS PRESENTED BY THE JERUSALEM POST AND BANK LEUMI LE-ISRAEL AS A SERVICE TO THE PUBLIC

MONDAY, January 5, 1948. Tevet 23, 5708. Sarar 23, 1367.

During the first week in January the death toll in Palestine continued to soar; 250 Jews and 350 Arabs were killed between November 29, 1947 and the beginning of 1948. A bitter dispute split the Jews — should they engage in counter-terror?

Jaffa bomb

THE Jewish people is fighting for its life and for the modest living space it has been allocated. The day has come for every Jew to defend himself, and defend himself doubly because the Government forces do not do so; Jewish forces must also, if they would maintain national honour and the rudiments of justice, seek out the snipers and stabbers and murderers. To build the state the people needs — it should be said plainly — the friendship and trust of its neighbours, who are being incited to murder and arson and robbery by politicians who see in bloodshed the best chance of strangling the budding Jewish State. And those Jews who now themselves become murderers, who play into the enemy's hands by adding to the bloodshed, by putting off the day when peace may be re-established, are killing people on whom the Jews have no wish to make war; and stabbing their own people in the back, and should be treated accordingly.

No date for commission

LAKE SUCCESS, Sunday. — Despite press reports that the Palestine Commission will convene on Friday, inquiry here has revealed that no meeting is scheduled and that none of the five members are here.

The delegate of Denmark, M. Per Federspiel, is reported by AP to have arrived in London en route to Palestine. The Czechoslovak member, M. Lisicky, is not expected to return here till the end of January and there is no news of the remaining three Commissioners. Presumably they are still at home.

(In the result, the Palestine Commission never functioned, and the peaceful partition proposed by the U.N. was rejected by the Arabs.)

14 dead, 98 hurt in bombing

JAFFA, Sunday. — Fourteen Arabs were killed and 98 were injured, 20 of them seriously, while an unknown number of others are feared buried under the masonry around Clock Tower Square here, after a land-mine planted by the Stern Gang wrecked the Old Serail and damaged neighbouring buildings, including the local branch of the Barclays Bank, shortly after noon on Monday.

The object of the Stern Gang attack was the H.Q. of the Arab National Committee and the Arab National Fund, which are said to control and finance the armed gangs in the area. At least one member of the National Committee was among the injured. He is Dr. Auni Hanun, a nephew of the Mayor of Jaffa. Names of the dead and other injured were not available late tonight.

The raiders are believed to have brought the mine in a truck apparently loaded with citrus. The target was just off a road leading to Jaffa Port, and its movements through the rain-drenched streets did not arouse suspicion. Witnesses later said that they saw the truck drive into an alley between the Old Serail and Barclays Bank. Two men dressed as Arabs got out, crossed the square to a small car parked across the street, and drove off.

Police were unable to say how they got past the Arab checkpost. All the approaches to Jaffa are manned by Arabs with pistols.

The blast, at 12.25 p.m., unhinged doors and smashed windows in a radius of a mile. In Ottoman Bank, on Bustros Street, the Controller, Mr. Tchiminoglou Dimitri, was injured by glass splinters and suffered concussion. The office of *The Palestine Post* in Tel Aviv, two miles away was shaken by the explosion.

After the explosion, Arabs in the streets shot pistols, and the area was thrown into confusion. A British soldier was shot by Arabs in Salameh Road and wounded in the shoulder.

A witness told *The Palestine Post* that the wing of the Old Serail, where the Municipality fed undernourished children and held courses for neglected boys, was completely wrecked. Fortunately, there were no classes in session, but several instructors were among the casualties.

One wall of Barclays Bank was blown in. The bank was closed, as it was Sunday. The Central Police Station was badly damaged. Stores behind the Serail belonging to the Municipality and merchants were blown up and many other buildings, including the Ottoman Bank and the Arab Bank in Bustros Street were damaged. A prisoner was hurt in the Central Lock-Up opposite the Old Serail.

Police and troops threw barbed wire around the area to facilitate the work of rescue parties, who worked through the intermittent thunderstorms all through the day.

Mandate to end as planned

LONDON, Monday. — May 15 remains the date for the termination of the Mandate, a Government spokesman said on Tuesday. He made it clear that last week's spate of apparently inspired suggestions for an earlier date did not reflect Governmental opinion.

The spokesman declared that there was no foundation for the report of differences between the Colonial Office and other Departments on matters of policy. Criticism of the decision to end the Mandate on May 15, might, he thought, come from the War Office, but only on technical grounds and the tendency would be to postpone rather than advance the date.

(The British did withdraw on May 15, 1948.)

MUSICAL DIARY

THE courage to revive "Music Calling" in such troubled times as these deserves recognition and the full support it received on Tuesday at the packed Rehavia Secondary School. It was a happy event, and far from conventional, to begin the season with a Slavonic evening.

Rina Nikova presented her mid-summer-dream-like production of Chopin's classical ballet, "Les Sylphides" "starring" Maria Solodkoff for the first time. She was especially impressive in the "Pas de Deux" together with Ben Gov, while the charming and extremely gifted Gallia Novi was seen in "Valse." Outstanding was Rachel Nadav in Spendiaroff's "Caucasian Dance" and the "Dance Oriental" from Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker."

The programme then changed to a modern mood. For the first time we saw three new pieces: a witty Pika by Feuerstein (the composer was at the piano) charmingly executed by Maya Boyko, Yardena Lustig and Trude Belisa; a Dance Fantastique by Shostakovich, with Abraham Saluszky making his debut, and the three ladies; "The Clownade" by Chaminade with Ruth Just, Ben Gov, Saluszky and Dr. Navon.

Rina Nikova

The last was a gay escapade, all in all a triumph for Rina Nikova's highly original choreography, underlined by enchanting costumes, any of the numbers were encored.

The programme was framed by recorded music excellently amplified. It included stirring Slavonic dances by Dvorak; Tchaikovsky's Polonaise, a Waltz from "Eugene Onegin," played by the London Philharmonic, and his Second Symphony recorded by the Cincinnati Orchestra under Eugene Goossens. The last was a splendid performance of this rarely heard opus — lyrical, sad, but electrifying in rhythm, partly anticipating Tchaikovsky's Sixth, but less restrained. *FRANGO*

The Editor, The Palestine Post

Sir, — For four years, British police and troops have been murdered by Jewish terrorists, who were, until fairly recently, given considerable support, both in money and feeling by the Jewish community. The Jewish Agency has continued an unbroken attack on British policy and action, forgetful of the fact that without Britain, Palestine Jewry would have consisted of a handful of people, subservient to the Arabs. The Jewish people have been cold, unfriendly, unhelpful and uncompromising towards the British and yet now come to us for help and protection, to escort their convoys and workers, and to act as their bodyguard, as though we had been their closest friends.

On reading your leading article of December 16, one is given to understand that the attacking is all from one side which is far from the case. "Arab outrages — some of a particularly mean and cowardly kind, others unspeakably savage" cannot but invite obvious comparisons. Perhaps you will not publish how a Yemenite Jewess, dressed as an Arab, attempted to plant a suitcase full of explosive in the middle of the crowded Haifa suk this week.

Meanwhile Britons are still being murdered by the people who are also seeking our protection. Perhaps it is understandable that arms searches are carried out among the Jews, who seem as likely to turn their guns on the British as on the Arabs.

As we say "You cannot eat your cake and have it." The Jews have been eating British goodwill for a long time, and they no longer have it, nor can they expect to regain it.

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STARTLING FRUIT

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

IF YOU SAW a star-shaped piece of fruit in your cocktail glass in place of the usual cherry or citrus wedge, you would probably think you had had one too many. But perhaps your host was merely trying out one of the suggested uses of Israel's least known fruit - the carambola.

When someone brought me a carambola to taste recently, I didn't even know if it required the *Shehehiyanu* blessing for "fruit of the tree" or "fruit of the ground." It turned out to be the former. It looks like a misshapen yellow orange with a waxy surface instead of a peel. Sliced horizontally, its pieces have the shape of a five-pointed star. One strain also produces six-pointed stars.

The carambola is not really new to Israel. The Volcani Institute has been experimenting on it for years, selling the yield of its trees through the Tel Aviv wholesale market. But according to the Fruit Production and Marketing Board, this doesn't amount to more than a couple of tons a year.

The popularization of the carambola fruit is the pet project of the Shiray family of Hod Hasharon who have even produced a Hebrew publicity sheet on it. Most specifically, it is the project of Hannah Shiray, a nurse and mother of four.

Not farmers by profession, the Shirays wanted to make use of two dunams alongside their house, and a neighbour gave them some saplings a few years back. Today they have 80 trees, seven and more metres tall, of which some 70 are bearing marketable fruit.

NOW IS the height of the season, which runs from September to April. Mrs. Shiray is currently bringing up to 60 kilos of fruit once a week to the Tel Aviv wholesale market, from which it finds its way to the more exclusive greengrocers in the city. The retail price is high. I recently saw carambola on Dizengoff marked "IL3 per quarter kilo" — i.e., IL36 a kilo.

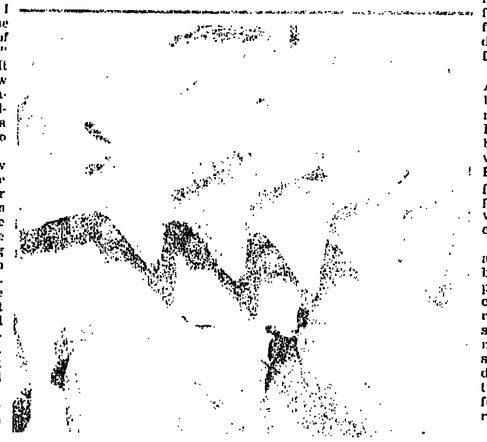
Mrs. Shiray gets less than half that from the wholesalers, but even if she wanted the bother, it is illegal for her to sell directly to retailers. Farmers must market through the official wholesale markets — for a variety of reasons, including taxes and control of quotas and surpluses. The only legal alternative is for a farmer to open a properly licensed shop of his own.

Hannah Shiray has lots of advice on using carambola fruit, which is native to Southeast Asia, and is also known in Hawaii, South America and even Florida.

If it is sufficiently ripe, carambola can — in my opinion — be eaten sliced without any additions. It has a tart taste, but toward the sweet-sour, rather than the sour of lemon or bitter-sour of grapefruit. There is a vague similarity in taste to citrus; but plums, peaches, mangoes also come to mind while tasting carambola.

Carambola is ripe when it is golden-yellow. Because of the delicacy of the fruit, however, it is usually picked while still a greenish-yellow, with green along the edges of the star points. To get it ripe at home, Mrs. Shiray suggests you put it in a dark kitchen cupboard for a few days. After that, it can be kept in the refrigerator if desired.

Although not strictly necessary, Mrs Shiray suggests you take a sharp knife and trim off the slightly tough extreme edge of the points. Then slice the fruit horizontally into thin stars, and remove the few seeds. If you want



to reduce the sourness, sprinkle the slices with sugar and leave them for two hours. (My children refused to wait that long, and gobbled up the slices as I cut them, with or without sugar.)

Because of its shape, the carambola has a number of decorative possibilities — and is not prohibitively expensive if used this way. A single fruit weighs only between 40 and 80 grams. The slices, which resemble tiny starfish, can be interspersed on a serving platter of cold meats or fish, or toothpicked together with them. You can also add slices to meat while it is roasting. Cold fruit salads or cooked compotes can be made with carambola.

Mrs. Shiray says that carambola makes very good jam, but more practical for the consumer who has to purchase the fruit at high prices is the suggestion to bake a few carambolas in the oven, as a variation on baked apple or quince. Between the "arms" of the fruit, make knife incisions, and fill these with a mixture of raisins, honey, cinnamon and crushed nuts. Dip in fine sugar, and bake for half an hour.

I SPENT an interesting hour or so comparing carambola with other fruits in a table of "composition of fruits and nuts" in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, which gives its name as *Averrhoa carambola*, and defines it as "East Indian tree bearing a fruit much used in Chinese cookery." (My authoritative Chinese cookbook does not mention it.)

"Carambola, raw" consists of 90.4 per cent water, and contains only 35 calories per 100 grams. This compares with 49 calories in the same amount of peeled raw orange. Carambolas have almost as much Vitamin C (ascorbic acid) as oranges, and are even richer in Vitamin A and iron.

I had long considered pomegranate as the most iron-rich fruit (apart from nuts) and was surprised to see on the chart it was listed as having only 0.3 mg. iron per 100 gm. edible portion, whereas carambola has 1.5 mg., strawberries 1.0 mg., and oranges 0.4 mg. iron per 100 gm.

In Vitamin A, carambola appears to outstrip most fruits, with "1,200 intern units" — whatever those are — of the vitamin per 100 gm., compared with a mere 200 in oranges. Carambola also contains thiamine, riboflavin and niacin, though not in such startling amounts.

Of course, all this is a purely academic exercise. At IL36 or so per kilo, no one in Israel is going to start buying carambola as a major source of vitamins or minerals. Still, it's nice to know about.

PINEAPPLES are grown in very limited quantities in a few settlements. They are small in size and have no export future, says the Fruit Production and Marketing Board.

The board was my main source of information about our "exotic fruits." Its director-general, Yosef Gores, has just returned from a tour of our export markets in Europe, including England, where Israeli dates and avocados are being promoted in the provincial towns.

"The avocado is our most successful fruit," said Mr. Gores. I remarked that most Israelis today consider it neither "exotic" nor a "fruit," but rather a commonplace vegetable. Officially it is a fruit, of course, and English-speaking countries also call it "avocado pear."

Here in Israel, the board is conducting a "special price campaign" through the supermarkets and some greengrocers to sell avocado at a maximum retail price of IL10.90 a kilo. Also included in the campaign are bananas at IL8.50 a kilo, Golden Delicious apples at IL7.80, and Orleans and Grand Alexander apples at IL6.90. These prices include a slight subsidy from the board when necessary. Or as Yehuda Ginat, director of local marketing, puts it, "We interfere a little to offset price fluctuations, by amounts less than 20 agorot per kilo." Regulating a few basic fruit prices helps keep other fruit prices in line, as the consumer has a reasonable alternative to the higher priced offerings.

For variety, the Fruit Board suggests we take advantage of the improved marketing methods for "fresh dates" — the moist form called in Hebrew *tamar lach*. They come frozen to the supermarkets in half-kilo packages. It is suggested that you keep them in the coldest section of your refrigerator, apart from the freezer. You can, if you wish, freeze them at home. Fresh frozen dates from Israel are being sold in Europe today.

ANOTHER suggestion from the board: if you want pecan nuts, but not at the usual retail price of IL120 a kilo pre-shelled, you can buy them direct from Tnuva warehouses for IL70-IL80 a kilo. But you must be ready to purchase six kilos of shelled pecans at a time — obviously a venture which calls for the cooperation of several families.

The persimmon *(afarsimon)* is another "exotic" fruit which has been well-received by the Israeli public, and demand currently exceeds supply. Production is on the rise. In the past, if you got a persimmon not fully ripe, it had a most unpleasant mouth-puckering sourness. Experts here have developed an "air ripening treatment" (similar to that used for bananas picked green), which reportedly takes out the sourness.

We grow two varieties of persimmon — the roundish Chinese, or "fuyu," and the more squat, irregular Triumph. The latter, which supposedly doesn't need air treatment, is still available out of cold storage this month and next. The mango has also been well-accepted in Israel — but its season is summer.

GROWN HERE only in small quantities, because it is difficult and unprofitable to raise, is the *anona*, known in English as custard apple. It is sometimes called "the poor man's pineapple." This green, bumpy fruit has sweet, whitish flesh and large black seeds. When soft, you scoop it out with a spoon. Its season finishes about now.

The strong-scented guava is going out of fashion in Israel. But we are experimenting with a fruit called "fejoa," of New Zealand origin, which is a bit like guava, only much smaller and without the pungent smell. The same scientist at the Volcani Institute who cultivated carambola has succeeded in growing fejoa twice its usual size. The Fruit Board feels it "has a future" — which, in its language, means an export potential. Another New Zealand native that the board has been toying with for years is commonly known as kiwi fruit or Chinese gooseberry. The right soil for it in Israel has not yet been determined.

When exotic fruits have little export potential, the Fruit Board adopts a hands-off policy — neither hindering nor helping. This is its attitude toward the carambola, which is felt to be too perishable to travel well. Personally, I can see a terrific promotion possibility in calling it "Star of Bethlehem fruit" and offering it abroad as a Christmas specialty.

There might be a similar Holy Land appeal for Passion Fruit, so named because its flowers are thought to resemble Jesus' crown of thorns. Also called granadilla, passiaflora, and in Hebrew *she'onit ha-sagula* ("little violet-coloured clock"), it grows here in small quantities. It is native to the Australia-New Zealand area, and its juice is prized in some countries as a summer drink. □

Martha Meisels

A rare treat

CULINARY NOTES

Haim Shapiro

ISRAEL IS HARDLY a carnivorous country; meat-eating is much less developed than in the U.S., Argentina, or South Africa.

There are two major reasons most of our meals do not revolve around thick steaks and juicy roasts. First comes the cost; second is the quality of meat, which if not inferior, is at least unreliable.

Still, there are times when one has an incurable yearning for a thick juicy piece of meat, something that has not been boiled or stewed beyond recognition. I felt that way not long ago, and tried my hand at making a real roast beef.

In order to keep the cost down, I chose a package of frozen rib weighing about three and a half kilos in the supermarket. This is risky; the outer appearance of the frozen cellophane-wrapped lump gives little clue to what is inside.

After the meat had thawed sufficiently, I examined it and found a nice long piece of boned rib. Around the edges were pieces of meat which, had I left them on the roast, would have been tough in parts, hard to carve, and difficult to cook.

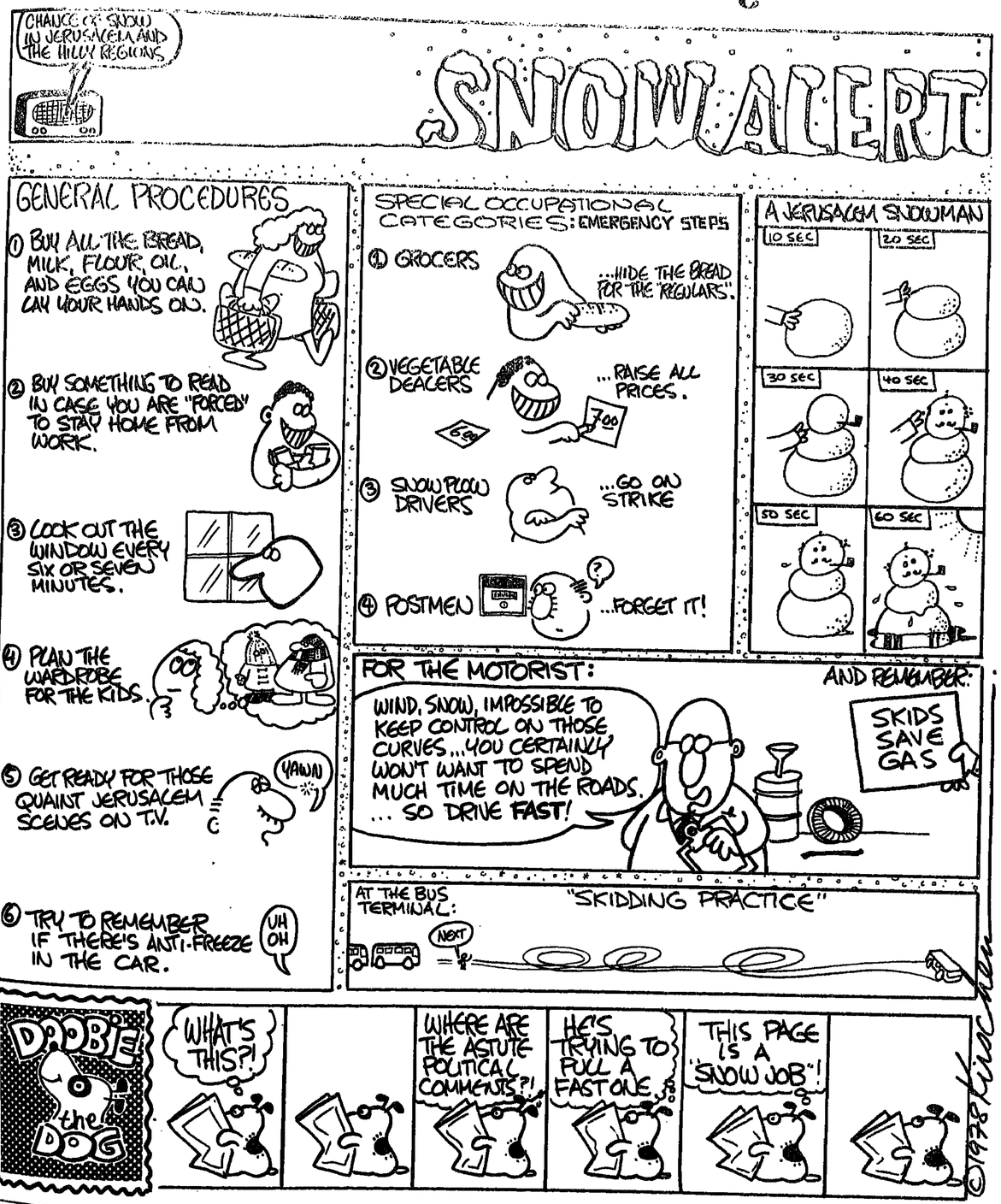
I detached these outer pieces with a large sharp knife, using the natural contour of the meat as my guide. It came to about a kilo, which I threw into a soup I happened to be cooking. It would also have made excellent goulash, or chopped meat.

As seasoning for the roast, I crushed three cloves of garlic and added to them a teaspoon of salt, a generous sprinkling of pepper, a pinch of dry mustard, chopped fresh parsley, thyme and a little dried tarragon. All this I mixed with a little olive oil, and rubbed over the meat.

Liking my roasts rare, I put the 2½-kilo piece into a medium oven for a little more than two hours. Naturally, I left it out for about 20 minutes to let it set before carving.

The roast easily served the six people at dinner. There was enough left over for four or five meals of cold roast beef. If anything, the cold roast was better. □

The Weekend Dry Bones



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